

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,759, Vol. 68.

July 13, 1889.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

DELAGOA BAY AND ARBITRATION.

THE debate on the Delagoa Bay question in the House of Lords on Tuesday was satisfactory in more ways than one. The House of Lords is a much better place for the discussion of points affecting foreign policy than the House of Commons, and it is idle to say that Lord CASTLETOWN's connexion with the Company should have precluded him from mentioning the matter. No one would dream of shutting the mouth of a member of the other House in a similar case. It would, of course, have been improper if Lord CASTLETOWN's motion had been carried, and probably no one was better aware of that fact than Lord CASTLETOWN himself; but it was desirable that the whole case of the practically English, though nominally Portuguese, Company should be authoritatively stated in a matter which is much more an international than a private one. There is no need, for the present, to say much more on the particular merits. Lord FITZGERALD hit, with judicial shrewdness, on one of the most awkward points in the action of the Portuguese Government when he pointed out that the elaborate reasons given for that seizure, which the Lisbon authorities carried out at the first possible moment, must have been prepared a long time beforehand, and that, therefore, the Portuguese must have made up their minds to confiscate whether the Company fulfilled terms or not. But there will be plenty of time for further notice of these details, whatever turn matters take.

The point which seems to us for the moment most interesting is the attitude of almost all the speakers concerned to the question of arbitration. Lord CASTLETOWN is the spokesman not of a political but of a commercial body, yet he was firm in pointing out that arbitration ought to have come before not after confiscation. Lord FITZGERALD—a very high authority, who might be professionally disposed always to say *cedant arma togæ*—says roundly that “he protests against the statement that it is a case “for arbitration.” Lord SALISBURY, in his very careful and measured speech, observed in reference to arbitration a silence which was, in the common phrase, more eloquent than speech. And even Lord DERBY, who represents not merely the mood of mind, but also the school and period of political opinion, most likely to be favourable to this nostrum, put in his plea for it in so cautious and guarded a fashion, that the genius of Arbitration can hardly have been very grateful for his support. It will be something to be thankful for if another of the fallacies which grew up in the piping times of the Manchester School is exploded. “Arbitration” sounds, of course, all that is admirable, reasonable, and Christian; and Lord DERBY's glowing description of “the impartial judgment of some third “party who may be relied upon to hear the whole case, and “decide upon the merits,” is most tempting. “But where, “my dear Lord DERBY,” Lord FITZGERALD might have replied, “where is that to be found?” A history of international arbitration by a competent person would be a very agreeable and useful thing, though we are inclined to think that the whole of it might be summed up in a little apologue from one of those capital books of Miss EDGEWORTH's which are voted old-fashioned by too many people. The excellent FRANK had, if we remember rightly, been charged with the division of a cherry-pie (it may not have been cherry, but that does not matter). Being weak in arithmetic, he made one portion more than the number of the party, and the question was, who should have it. “I will give it,” said FRANK, “to good HENRY “who mended my top, or to kind EDWARD who helped me “in my lessons.” They pointed out to FRANK that this was not (in Lord DERBY's fine words) “the impartial judgment “of a third party who hears the whole case and determines

“on the merits.” But there is no one to point this out to an international arbitrator, who (as history so far shows) pretty invariably comes to the conclusion that he will not “give it” to powerful England, who has so much already, to arrogant England, whom he privately dislikes, to proud England, who can so well afford the loss of it.

IRELAND.

IT is not often that we have the pleasure of felicitating Gladstonian members of Parliament on the result of their political visits to Ireland; but we think we may safely allow ourselves the satisfaction of tendering our congratulations—unless they prefer that we should make it condolences—to Mr. SCHWANN and the companions of his who were present the other day at the Drogheda Court House at the trial of Mr. GILL and Mr. COX. They came over to Ireland “to see fair play,” and as they have seen it they ought to be glad. But somehow we do not think they will be, or if they are, it is quite evident that a good many of their party who have been left at home are not. They, at any rate, do not want “to see fair play”; which perhaps is reasonable enough, since no man can be expected to care for seeing what he probably would not recognize and certainly would not understand. What they did want to see, or at least to hear of, was another conviction of two patriots by “removable” magistrates, another proof that men are punished in Ireland for acts which they may commit in England with complete impunity. But, lo! instead of this, they find two resident magistrates acquitting Mr. GILL and Mr. COX of the charges against them, on the ground that, after “having given the case the most anxious and careful “consideration, they have come to the conclusion that the “evidence of the principal witness for the Crown, Constable “ROBINSON, was unreliable, and that the evidence of the “other witness for the Crown was, in their opinion, “insufficient to sustain the indictment.” This must be very disappointing to Gladstonians who really want to see fair play; but the ingenuity of their impartiality is already showing itself equal to the occasion. They have at once perceived that the acquittal of Mr. GILL and his companions does not at all prove the fairness of the trial and the uprightness of the tribunal; it simply demonstrates the baselessness of the charges usually preferred against Irish agitators, and the mendacity of the evidence by which they are commonly supported. That two agitators should have escaped conviction only proves the enormity of convicting any agitators at all. That Colonel BOWLEY and Mr. HAMILTON should have acquitted the two defendants establishes, not their own good faith and independence, but merely the iniquity and subservience of their magisterial colleagues. Of course the rejection of ROBINSON's evidence, quite proper as that step may have been, means nothing more than that the magistrates distrusted the accuracy, not the *bona fides*, of the constable's report; but that is a detail. The Gladstonians will naturally discuss the case as though it were an exposure of police perjury, and will pretend to believe that Mr. GILL and Mr. COX never used any language on the 11th of June inciting tenants to resist the law, or perhaps that they never made speeches at all. This theory of events, of course, will hardly suit the two patriots themselves, who indeed must feel conscious of being in a rather delicate position. For, if to be convicted of an offence under the Crimes Act is a glory to a Parnellite, it must be a disgrace, or, at the very least, a failure in the quest of honour, to be acquitted; and Mr. GILL, who has made a short speech since his acquittal, is evidently somewhat in

doubt as to the proper attitude to assume. He clearly cannot discredit himself by denying that he used unlawful language; yet it is impossible for him to accuse an Irish policeman of perjury, as every good patriot would like to do whenever the chance offers, without repudiating any such utterance. He seems, however, to have dexterously turned the difficulty by declaring that "the presence of distinguished English visitors had acted as a restraint on the removables" who had acquitted the members of Parliament and inflicted heavy sentences on humble men; an explanation by which Mr. GILL is enabled at one and the same time to traduce the magistrates to whose impartiality he owes his escape, and to combine in his own person the honour of guilt with the immunity of innocence.

In Tipperary there is another example of the monstrously oppressive manner in which the law is at present administered in Ireland. We doubt whether there is any other civilized country in which, when the citizen is awaiting his trial for an alleged offence, authority is so barbarously tyrannical as to allow him to go on committing, not only with impunity, but without restraint, the self-same acts that are charged against him as breaches of the law. Mr. O'BRIEN, however, is a living example of the operation of this brutally despotic system. The legal tribunals have been for some time duly seised of the charge under which he at present lies in respect of his alleged attempt to start the Plan of Campaign among Mr. SMITH-BARRY's tenants; yet on Wednesday last Mr. O'BRIEN, though actually on his way to present himself before the Court, thought fit, and was permitted to hold, as indeed he could not be prevented from holding, a meeting in the Town Hall at Tipperary, to which the tenants whom he is urging to combine against their landlords were invited by tickets. At this meeting resolutions of the usual character were passed, and it was announced by Mr. O'BRIEN that "they would be able to place before the Irish people in a few days the lines upon which the new Tenants' Defence League should go; and that he hoped that Mr. PARNELL himself would be in a position to tell them personally." This intimation is interesting; and, as it has since been officially confirmed, we need not doubt its accuracy. What it apparently means is that Mr. PARNELL has been won over or dragged over to the side of a section of his party from which he has hitherto held aloof. He has never, it will be remembered, taken any active part in the procedure of the Plan of Campaign; and, indeed, in one of the debates on the subject in the House of Commons, he went out of his way to explain that the Plan had been started without his sanction, and that, as a matter of tactics, he did not approve of it. Whether, while still adhering to this opinion, he has found himself forced to get into line with the O'BRIENS and DILLONS of his party, or whether he has changed his mind about the Plan, and is now a willing supporter of it, we know not. But it is fair to recollect that many things have happened since this predatory scheme first came up for discussion in the House of Commons, and Mr. GLADSTONE and others have got over so much of the original shyness of their advocacy, and now defend it so unblushingly, that Mr. PARNELL may well deem it unnecessary to continue to play the prude.

We take it for granted, of course, that the scheme of this new Tenants' Defence League will be either the Plan of Campaign or some modification of it. And now that Mr. PARNELL has definitely decided to put himself at the head of the movement, it becomes interesting to inquire what place in connexion with it is to be occupied by Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers. This, indeed, is much the most interesting question which the incident suggests. The Parnellites are, of course, beginning to beat the big drum violently in honour of the new movement, and are calling all the world to witness that it amounts to a renewal of the struggle between the law and the Land League seven years ago. If that be so, we can afford to regard the outlook with perfect composure. Even Mr. GLADSTONE himself was quite able—in the days when he recognized the means adopted as "rapine" and their end as the disintegration of the Empire—to give a good account of the Land League; and Mr. BALFOUR is not likely to fail in such a business where Mr. GLADSTONE has succeeded. He has, indeed, already shown that he has no intention of sitting with his hands folded while Mr. O'BRIEN and his friends endeavour to extend the Plan of Campaign over the whole of Ireland. The inventor of this notable project is already being called to account for his first attempt to put it into execution, and any one who steps into Mr. O'BRIEN's place should be handled with equal promptitude. Moreover, apart from any pro-

ceedings against the agitators, the Plan itself has not been so successful of late as to hold out any very strong encouragement to fresh batches of tenants in parts of Ireland unfamiliar as yet with its blessings to join it. Mr. SMITH-BARRY's tenantry may have been successfully worked upon, though even that is not to be accepted on the word of packed meetings and Parnellite newspapers; but Mr. O'BRIEN may still find some difficulty in persuading contented Tipperary peasants to "go out" simply for the *beaux yeux* of Kerry farmers haggling with their landlords over the price of their freeholds. On the whole, and in spite of the bawling of the Parnellite press in both countries, we think that Unionists in general may with a tolerably light heart invite this new anti-rent combination to "come on." Its really interesting aspect is to be found, not in its bearing on the Unionists who are about to combat it, but in its relation to the Gladstonians who are being dragged, with their leader, at its heels. Mr. GLADSTONE has done little more hitherto than coquet with the principle of "public plunder" in its casual and sporadic application to selected Irish estates. We have now to see him in the character of an avowed leader of a party of spoliation who have declared war against the rights of property and the obligation of contracts throughout the whole of Ireland.

MORE NEW STYLE.

OF Mr. EDGAR SALTUS, the newest American novelist, it may be said that Parody crouches at his feet like a beaten hound. Parody cannot touch him, unless it be true that none but himself can be his parodist. Indeed, the question rises, Is Mr. SALTUS in earnest with his style, or (as seems more probable) is this only a ramification of the Great American Joke? We much prefer the latter opinion, which will recommend itself to every reader of his funniest book, *A Transaction in Hearts* (ROUTLEDGE). This work might also be called "A Transaction in Heads," or at least in skulls. We by no means charge Mr. SALTUS with being responsible for the morals of his characters, which are queer; for, whatever he may approve of, he disapproves of them. But does he approve of his own style, or is all this a practical jest? A jest it is, whether modern "stylists" think so or quite the contrary.

We start with a clergyman who bears the sonorous name of GONFALLON, and whose carriage "rolled into a domed" and creaking peninsula. He had been a village priest; "during an entire decade he had wasted his fervour on a collection of cattle." In rural obscurity he had known a Countess whose Count had disappeared with her own familiar friend. Later he found the skulls of the familiar friend and of the Count among the Countess's most cherished possessions. She had cut them off; "tooling," as DE QUINCEY says, "with an axe." "Sharp work," as BULWER remarked, on a familiar occasion. But we anticipate. The eyes of the Rev. Mr. GONFALLON, now a fashionable preacher in New York, were of that green black which is noticeable in dysodile coal. The skin of Mrs. GONFALLON, on the other hand, had been eburnean in clarity, and her eyes of iserene; so the pair seemed fitly mated. But she had a sister; and she became an invalid. Now her sister exhaled the clean odour of acorns and of pines; while her features had the surety of an intaglio, and her skin (Mr. SALTUS is great on skins) was the hue of the white rose which has a sulphur heart. Though he was myop, Mr. GONFALLON's dysodile eyes preferred to contemplate the sister with the surety of an intaglio; and this was a very wrong thing in a married clergyman. His wife's hand, in short, no longer communicated that spasm which, in days gone by, had seized him between the shoulder-blades, leaving him during the moment that followed quasi, or "quasily," dumb, as Mr. SALTUS also puts it. He therefore kissed his sister-in-law (here details are freely given), and the young lady murmured, "There; don't hurt a fellow!"

On this lady's bed, as Mr. GONFALLON discovered by personal inspection during her absence, was "a coverlet smooth as an anapest, surmounted by monogrammed pillows." And "What am I doing here?" mused Mr. GONFALLON. What, indeed? From afar came the rumble of the Elevated Railway. In that passionate clime even railways get elevated. So Mr. GONFALLON made love to his sister-in-law downstairs, in a style of pulpit eloquence. "Oh, I say, drop all that!" she interrupted. So he sat palpitant in alternations of elation and remorse. But what there was to be elated about we do not clearly perceive.

Next he read *SCHRADER*, a German, and found in Assyri-Accadian myth the fabric of the Pentateuch, which was odd, as, in fact, it is not there. Then he asked Chaos to "take that Nothing back," but no money is returned by Chaos. The sister-in-law had an admirer whom she called a "detestable little cad," and who lent her money when her father had forged a cheque, and finally she married the detestable little cad. That is the story, somewhat confused by two skulls in two boxes, and by the devices of a novelist named *ALPHABET JONES*, who talked about *FLAUBERT*, and by a father-in-law who surged like a partition. Nor has Mr. *SALTUS* himself culled any flower of speech which pleases us more than surging like a partition. And our curiosity has not been more powerfully excited than by some one who was "unimaginable as *ABISTEK*" (the scholiast suggests "unimaginative as a beefsteak"). Finally, Mrs. *GONFALLON* surprised her husband making love to her sister, who saved the situation by vowing that she had been declaring her engagement to the detestable little cad, whom she loved, "lots and lots—corner lots." Mr. *GONFALLON* decided that she was an adder and that he would fang her, but he did not fang her. On the other hand, he "consecrated her nuptials" with the detestable little cad, as the "sacerdos." Here—it is the only fault we have to urge—Mr. *SALTUS* might have heightened his style by using the word "rerodos." At last, when the crouching shadows elongated and lapped the walls, he groped through the darkness to Mrs. *GONFALLON*. And, for a man with dysodile eyes, a man who diffused electricity, we don't see what he had to complain of, especially as he was also a man of forty. Luckily Mrs. *GONFALLON* was clairvoyant as a nyctalop, which should have reconciled him to life. O *ABISTEK*, how unimaginable are all these things!

EGYPT.

THE news from Egypt which was received at the end of last week and the beginning of this was not wholly satisfactory, but it was very instructive. It established, indeed, quite fully the fact that, not only can the defence of the present restricted Egyptian frontier by no means be discontinued, but that the reductions of its scale which have been made of late years in the vain attempt to propitiate implacable critics have been dangerously large. After the very successful brush which Colonel *WODEHOUSE* had with the so-called Dervishes last week, and the loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners which he inflicted on them, it might reasonably have been thought by a person unacquainted with the facts that the danger was over. Those who were acquainted with the facts certainly did not think so, and knowledge was justified of her children. The Dervishes continued their march northwards, undeterred by their losses, and only keeping away from the river bank so as to escape Colonel *WODEHOUSE*'s steamers and cavalry. This has caused them horrible sufferings in the shape of lack of water; but even thirst has not proved too much for their obstinate fanaticism, and they are desperately making for Assouan. Steamers cannot touch them so long as they keep out of range; and of other forces, especially cavalry, Colonel *WODEHOUSE* has not nearly enough to attempt heading and driving them back. Therefore there is a considerable commotion in Egypt, reinforcements of troops, both Egyptian and English, being ordered up the long and sweltering journey from Cairo to the Nubian border, and reliefs having to be consequently arranged for the tiny army of occupation from the English stations in the Mediterranean. The "Dervishes" have much the shorter distance to go; but the Anglo-Egyptian troops have the advantage in means of transport. At the same time, the position of the frontier garrisons and columns from Wady Halfa to Assouan is not wholly pleasant, because reinforcements of Dervishes may at any moment appear from the South, and the defending force is but weak for the double purpose of holding the fortified posts and manœuvring against an enemy in the open between them.

Even the dullest and most prejudiced persons have, of course, perceived the half-ghastly, half-ludicrous comment which this running fight to keep an advancing enemy away from water in a July desert makes on the French demand for the evacuation of Egypt. But there seems to be still in some quarters an unconquerable reluctance to recognize the real lesson of the affair. That the humanity of Sir *WILFRID LAWSON* and Mr. *PICOTON* should indignantly demand the letting loose of the Dervishes on Egypt is, of

course, nothing. That is their usual business; and it can hardly be said to be unusual that some madmen should recommend a further retirement. But some less egregious persons, exhibiting an almost pathetic combination of glimmerings of the truth with obstinate Gladstonian determination to love and make something that is not the truth, have suggested that negotiation should get at the Dervishes and find out what they want. No negotiation, alas! is needed to find out what Dervishes in Egypt, what Ghazis in Afghanistan, what the correlatives of both elsewhere, "want." They want to turn infidels and heretics (it is constantly forgotten that to Mahdists anti-Mahdists are heretics) not only out of their country, but out of all countries neighbouring to theirs; they want to plunder districts richer than their own; they want to cut throats; above all, they want to fight, partly for the sake of fighting, but more for gain of one earthly kind and another if they win, and of Paradise if they fall. You cannot do anything with people of that sort by negotiation. You cannot prevent their attacking by fortifications at Wady Halfa or gunboats on the Nile, though you may keep them back. There is absolutely no means of preventing their raids, except by putting as long a stretch of country as possible between them and the rich, settled districts, and by making attack practically impracticable except by way of the easily guarded river. Egypt will never be left at peace till Nubia at least is restored to Egyptian domination. No one speaking honestly, and with knowledge, can gainsay this proposition; nothing can alter the facts upon which it is based.

DOGS, CATS, AND MUZZLES.

WHILE rabies continues to increase, and authority remains dignified but inactive, the anti-muzzler occasionally lifts up his voice. Inasmuch, however, as nothing is done, and Parliament seems likely to do nothing, the anti-muzzler can afford to be comparatively inactive. He is noisy only when practical steps are taken to stamp out a horrible disease. So long as dogs are left free to imbibe and to spread infection, the anti-muzzler is contentedly dumb. We have received, however, a letter from one of the class, with arguments of the usual type, only rather more so than usual. The writer wishes to know what is to become of dogs attacked by others if the muzzle prevents them from practising the noble art of self-defence. Nobody, however, proposes that some dogs should be muzzled and others not, leaving the former to be the prey of the latter. The proposal is that all dogs should be muzzled, small and great alike. There can be no need of defence when there is no possibility of attack. It is suggested by the perversely ingenious objector to whom we refer that, as dogs cannot be muzzled on private premises, they may escape and commit outrages upon their muzzled fellow-creatures outside. In that case their owners would of course be responsible for what would clearly, if Parliament did its duty, be a breach of the law. It is impossible for any human institution to provide against every conceivable contingency. But that is a very poor reason for refusing to take a simple and efficient step which experience, common sense, and scientific opinion equally recommend as a decisive remedy for an acknowledged evil. Our correspondent charges us with having said that neglected and ill-used dogs are exceptionally liable to rabies, while at the same time we maintained that rabies is never spontaneous. There is no inconsistency whatever. As M. *PASTEUR* himself says, there must have been an original germ of rabies, and there must be an origin of life. Both are at present insoluble mysteries, and may always remain so. Meanwhile, let us deal with what is simple, practical, and intelligible. A dog in a bad condition of health may be especially likely to develop rabies from a bite, just as a half-starved man is especially likely to catch any infectious illness. But neither rabies nor scarlet fever is now spontaneous; and, as for the theory that muzzling develops rabies, it is sheer, unadulterated nonsense.

We enumerated last week, and we need not repeat, the cases of exceptional difficulty under a rule of general muzzling. But these exceptions do not in the least affect the validity of the principle or the necessity of its application. It is true that the disease has not yet spread so much in most other parts of the country as in London. But it is certain to do so if not checked, and even the despised Londoner is worthy of some consideration from the Legislature. As the Government appropriated to itself on

Thursday the entire remains of the Session for Supply and Ministerial measures, the prospects of Sir HENRY ROSCOE'S Bill must be regarded as desperate. We can only now hope that the Privy Council, in the exercise of its statutory powers, will include London, at all events, within the infected area, where exceptional measures must be taken by the local authorities. Meanwhile, as every movement has its camp followers, who do it more harm than its enemies, a correspondent of the *Standard* contributes to the discussion what Mr. CHADBAND called a story of a cock and of a bull. "S. B. B." has "a black tom-cat, which 'has been brought up with our children, and is most 'unusually gentle and quiet.' A position so superior and so rare entitles 'S. B. B.' to speak with no ordinary weight. Her household adventures, as told by herself at very considerable length, do not carry their moral on the surface. It seems that when she went into the kitchen one day the cat spat at her. Thus insulted, 'S. B. B.' hastily retired, ordering that sulphur should be administered to the infuriated animal. After this the cat nearly hurt a child, and quite took refuge under an ice-safe, 'from whence we could not dislodge it.' In these painful circumstances, 'My husband being out, I 'locked the door leading into the passage where the cat 'was, and sent for a neighbouring veterinary surgeon.' A less consummate tactician would have locked the door leading into some other passage, and sent for a veterinary surgeon from a distance. The surgeon, of course, said 'Mad,' and 'destroyed the creature.' But 'it proved 'not to be our cat, after all, for ours returned that night.' We can add nothing to the simple and pathetic eloquence of this conclusion. But we may venture to observe that, as rabies in cats is very rare, as they do not when rabid run about the streets biting other cats, and as they cannot be muzzled, they have not much to do with the question of muzzling dogs. One thing at a time. Or if not one, another. If not muzzles, let us try registered collars.

THE ELECTIONS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

WE do not quarrel with those Gladstonians who are inconsolable because of the determination not to contest the vacancy at Dover, made by the death of Major DICKSON. They have not one but three good reasons for dissatisfaction. All of them, except Mr. GLADSTONE himself, who is indeed, contrary to the wont of political leaders, more Gladstonian than the wildest of his followers, know that the return of Mr. BIRRELL in West Fife was anything but a brilliant triumph for them. Dover they see deserted. And, worst of all, at the other end of the kingdom in West Carmarthenshire, they see Mr. WILLIAMS DRUMMOND preparing to fight on the Tory side one of those battles which, however hopeless they may look to-day, not seldom mean victory to-morrow. At Dover itself the facts are particularly annoying to them. There would appear to have been, as there too often is, some little local hocus-pocus about candidates on the Tory side; the majority at the last contested election was by no means a forbidding one, and the accepted Tory candidate is Mr. BALFOUR'S Private Secretary. It is, we repeat, no wonder that they are in a rage. Meanwhile every Tory and every Unionist will be glad to see Mr. WYNDHAM in Parliament, because of the excellent service which he has done in dispelling and exposing the mists of fabrication—"lies" the unpolite them call—which have long been almost the sole Gladstonian instruments of fighting on the Irish question. A very warm interest may also be taken in Mr. WILLIAMS DRUMMOND'S plucky undertaking. There is little or no doubt—if there be any study of electoral statistics will soon dispel it—that in no one thing, except attention to the register, does the secret of political victory lie so much as in never failing to fight even the most forlorn hope, with the best candidate that can be got, and with as much exertion as though victory were certain if the exertion were made. The pestilent doctrine that a defeat "disheartens," "shows weakness," and the rest, does not deserve to be described even as a counsel of despair; despair is at least often courageous. It is a counsel of cowardice and stupidity, than which there are, in politics at least, no more inexcusable vices.

There are no present indications that the Session will be a very prolonged one, though the comparative calm which has come over Parliamentary affairs may well seem

deceitful. Even Mr. O'BRIEN'S new plan, which seems to be one of opposing with combination to do illegal things combination to do legal ones, may have the effect of requiring the presence of the Irish disturbers of Parliament in what they are pleased to call their own country. If the battle at Westminster is left to the new party to which grave statesmanship is contributed by Mr. LABOUCHERE, cool-headedness by Mr. PHILIP STANHOPE, political experience and weight by Mr. JACOBY, and wisdom by Mr. STOREY, Ministerialists will not have undivided cause for complaint. Considerable friction has already arisen between these Irreconcilables and their nominal leaders, none of whom is exactly the kind of person who likes to be dictated to. Therefore the prospects of the Government are fair enough, always supposing that they do not commit the crime to which modern Tory Governments are so inexplicably prone, and shut themselves up in "Fort Funk." The new Tenants' Defence League in Ireland and not a few matters in England will give them trying opportunities for their mettle, and the constituencies will pretty certainly observe the result of the trial. With firmness abroad and at home, joined to a minuter care of the local accidents of electioneering than has usually been shown in those recent bye-elections which have brought Gladstonians such jubilation, there is no reason why the present Administration should not carry matters well on for three, if not four, more Sessions, and go to the country in 1893 with a very good chance of coming back again. In which case it need hardly be said that a very considerable proportion of the present Gladstonian party (their corypheus might be named without difficulty) will adapt one of the prettiest, as well as genteelst, of tunes, and be heard singing "Good-bye! Home Rule, Good-bye!"

GENTLEMEN AND PLAYERS.

THE masses had it all their own way. To those who bear the grand old name of Gentleman, the Oval and Lord's presented a sight about as cheerful as the University Match. The Surrey affair was the less distressing. The Gentlemen did get two long scores, and Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. GRACE, with Mr. W. W. READ, were worthy of their fame. The amateurs' bowling, too, was excellent, and GUNN, BARNES, QUAIFF, ULYETT, and SHREWSBURY played it to perfection. In the second innings of Players, Mr. WOODS, Mr. NEPEAN, and Mr. DIXON were beaten, indeed, but by no means discredited. Nor was the Players' innings at Lord's, where BARNES covered himself with laurels, so very big that a strong team of Gentlemen need have dreaded it. Many a time would Mr. GRACE, Mr. O'BRIEN, Mr. STEEL, Mr. DIXON, Mr. STODDART, have done all that was needed. But, perhaps, the rain made the wicket play queerly. Certainly the bowlers made every ball "do something," usually something disagreeable and unexpected. Again, BRIGGS and LOHMANN chanced to be at their very best. They are by far the best bowlers in England, we think, and they bowled above themselves. BRIGGS was unchanged throughout, and LOHMANN only gave place for a few overs to SHACKLOCK. But the Gentlemen batted in that pluckless way with which Oxford is apt to entertain us. What was the matter with Mr. GRACE? In the second innings he was nearly out, or gave a dangerous hit, twice or thrice before he fell into the hands of SHERWIN. Mr. O'BRIEN did not seem to be out, from the Pavilion; his leg did not seem in front of the stumps, nor was the ball, apparently, on the wicket. But the umpire knows best, and we would not be guilty of contempt of court, any more than FACEY ROMFORD would have erred from truth, "not if it was ever so." Certainly the Gentlemen of England were not "at home at 'ease," as was well remarked by a contemporary critic. Mr. STEEL played beautifully; there is a grace, and certainty, and speed about his batting which threw all the rest into the shade. He went in far too late, second innings, but was unluckily bowled for 46. He alone played on his old level of excellence, though he clearly did not enjoy running so much as he did some years ago. Mr. WOODS ran in a wildly eccentric way, but with Mr. PHILIPSON he hit very hard and gave life to a dismal game. If he and Mr. PHILIPSON had been sent in first in the second innings, we might have seen livelier doings, as both men had acquired a good view of the ball and were knocking the bowlers merrily about. But the great men occupied their usual

positions to very little purpose, and in a curiously tame, discouraged, niggling sort of way. The unusual excellence of the bowling, a certain difficulty in the ground, and the astonishingly fine fielding may account for this timidity. But it was sad to watch, and it did not affect either Mr. Woods or Mr. STEEL. Mr. DIXON, too, made some fine hits. On the whole, however, the Players won at every point of the game, and their fielding was a separate ecstasy. Some twenty years ago they were stiff and dull in the field. Now most of them are young, as active as cats, and as sure as Mr. PHILIPSON or SHERWIN at the wickets. The Players could not have performed better; the Gentlemen seemed to surrender out of want of heart.

MR. GLADSTONE'S STATESMANSHIP.

IT is not much of a reproach to any one engaged in the business of statesmanship that he does not read the newspapers. The man who is really fit for that business has no need of studying a dozen news-sheets every day; for he has within himself sufficient means of knowing what currents popular opinion is taking or is likely to take—means sufficient with very little assistance, at any rate; and the supposition is that he can find his own way to the straighter and wiser courses of policy, without such help as the weighing of editorial counsel or the counting of editorial noses. Of Mr. GLADSTONE it has often been said that he would err less if he read the newspapers more; but, though there is some plausibility in the assertion, it does not carry very far. While his vanity might be hurt if his reading were not pretty much confined to the prints that praise him, there is no reason to believe that his judgment would be improved by extending his study to hostile journals; for with him temper and judgment are very much the same things. Besides, his sharpest critics have failed before now in giving him sufficient warning. They do not always perceive in time the misfortunes that wait upon such error as he is capable of, or mark the pace of their approach.

Something of that kind may be observed at the present moment. Unconscious of it himself, never informed of it by his friends, Mr. GLADSTONE could not learn from his most watchful enemies in the press the rate of his decline. That he must fall from the high place he held in general esteem was obvious to many an observer years ago—fifteen at the least; but no one then dreamed that the ruin of his reputation would be completed in his own lifetime. The dread probability was that the "glamour" which his foolish admirers boasted of would mystify the popular mind as long as he remained on earth, sanctify his memory at the hour of his decease, and give to the inferior persons who were his sycophants and courtiers a like place to that which the favourite companions of MAHOMET enjoyed when the prophet was called into his coffin. The prospect was a sad one; and most men of sense would have rejoiced had they foreknown that so it was not to be. Without asking any more about the future, it would have contented them to feel sure that the prophet, being a false prophet, would be found out in his lifetime, and his courtiers and sycophants deprived of the mischievous inheritance they were looking to. What nobody dared to hope for has happened; happened in a measure not only beyond anticipation, but (we believe) beyond the general consciousness. A few deeply interested as well as naturally calculating and observant persons are no doubt aware of it, but we see nowhere at present any public recognition of the rapidity with which Mr. GLADSTONE's reputation is sinking. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT must see it, Mr. MORLEY must see it, from the look-out which the necessities of their position force them to maintain; but there does not seem to be any general acknowledged sense at present of the difference between Mr. GLADSTONE's place in the world now and only two years ago, or even one. This may be because he has actually done very little to destroy belief in him of late. He has developed himself rather more, but in no very startling or surprising way; and so it is, perhaps, that there is less observation of the steady rapidity with which he is going down.

It may be thought that, with our opinions of him, we unwittingly exaggerate the speed and the depth of his decline; but we are persuaded that whosoever asks himself the question whether, to his own imagination, Mr. GLADSTONE is what he was this time last year, will find an answer in his breast that will justify our expectations of

it. A little later, and it will be generally seen that Mr. GLADSTONE's fate is that of many a popular novelist, many a popular preacher, and for reason good. In politics he has been both popular novelist and popular preacher, never a statesman like PITT or PEEL; and, granting length of years, he always ran the risk of passing out of vogue, even though he did nothing in his later days to dispel the glamour of an earlier time. It was not in nature that Dr. CUMMING should retain much vitality as a prophet after the day when, according to his prediction, the world was to come to an end; neither can it be supposed that a constant succession of failures in political prophecy, together with a long series of blunders in political action, would have left Mr. GLADSTONE in full enjoyment of all the romantic popularity which his own peculiar sermonizings had gained for him. But, as we all know, that has not been the worst of it for him. EDWARD IRVING went mad with the popularity he had gained and wild at the popularity he was losing. So, we permit ourselves to say, it has been with Mr. GLADSTONE; and with similar results, so far as his authority is concerned, though they have not yet come to full growth. But whether we look to his position in the country or in the House of Commons, we may all see that they are coming on fast. Belief in "the greatest Minister of the century," as no one calls him now, however much his goodness may be credited, is fading rapidly. Confidence in him as a fit man to administer the business of an Empire is sinking month by month. The glamour that served him in such stead is thinning away; and that, indeed, means all the rest. This glamour is what the companions of his later day counted on for success in anything he chose to do, any road he chose to take. On that account they thought it safe to follow him, no matter what principles, or how many of them, had to be left behind. But what must they think now, not only from their own sense of a chill in the air that need not be verified by resort to any thermometer, but from such signs as they have witnessed in the House of Commons lately, as well as in certain organs of Advanced Gladstonianism? For some time past, some of Mr. GLADSTONE's followers who are nearer to him than Mr. LABOUCHERE have feared that "the old man" had lost both strength and charm; but they did not expect, perhaps, to see him hustled and hustled by an organized band of irreverent Radicals, eager to pass over him as a thing of the past; neither did they expect to hear Mr. LABOUCHERE hailed as the coming man. This they have now seen, however, and this heard; and, if they are not contented, let them blame themselves. They chose to lend a hand to Mr. GLADSTONE when, in pure vindictiveness at his rejection by the English constituencies, he set about dealing destruction right and left; and now that their common leader is losing his grasp upon affairs, they ought not to be surprised if the more eager and reckless spirits whom he also called to his aid are pushing forward to take the heritage they designed for themselves. However, that is another branch of the matter. The new Radical party in the House of Commons ("Stalwarts" they are called, we observe) may or may not succeed in putting Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. MORLEY at the tail of the cart; but what their recent conduct seems to signify is that, meanwhile, they no longer pretend to any superstitious reverence for the aged statesman who was obeyed like a demi-god only the other day: from which we may safely infer what *their* view is of his position now. They, who have to consider their ways very carefully, believe that it is no longer necessary to creep on in the dwindling shadow of a once great name. And they are probably right.

THE SALVATION ARMY NUISANCE.

POLICE magistrates, despite the prefix, are by no means invariably given to follow the lead of the police; which is perhaps in some things well. But it is all the more satisfactory to see that in two cases heard last Tuesday at Dalston and at Westminster the magistrates decided in a fashion likely to enforce the lesson given by the Chief Commissioner to the brawling blackguards who tried to block the Strand some fortnight ago. In the Dalston case Mr. Bros, after a very long and careful hearing, inflicted a fine on a Salvation drummer for annoyance to tradesmen in the Holloway Road. In this case the chief defence set up—except that of a Salvation-loving confectioner with the poetic name of DRYDEN, who said that the prosecutor was a "spiteful man"—was that contained in a letter from Mr. BRAMWELL BOOTH, which made the very probable, but

rather naïf, statement "that the effect of stopping the "playing of bands would be to fail in attracting audiences." In the other case, at Westminster, a person, from what the silly jargon of the "Army" calls the "Training Garrison," was at first refractory to the magistrate's offer of a nominal fine only, if a pledge were given that the nuisance (in this case one of obstruction) should not be repeated. The training garrison person, however, afterwards came down, and gave an unqualified promise to obey the police orders—a proceeding over which we fear there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth in the Salvation camp. In both cases the observations of the magistrates were even more satisfactory than the punishment inflicted, which was, of course, inadequate enough. Mr. Bros, when the usual plea of good intentions was set up, remarked very properly that he had to do, not with intentions, but with acts and their effects; and Mr. SHELL, with equal propriety, when he was asked if he "could not" dismiss the case because it was that of "a religious body endeavouring to lessen vice and crime by appealing to the masses," replied that "he could if he chose to break the law, but he was not "going to do so."

This reply, unanswerable as it is, is the more satisfactory because the opponents of this, if not the most intolerable, certainly the most disgusting, of modern nuisances need not in the least rely upon it alone. It is sufficient legally, but it can be infinitely strengthened morally. Most people who have some knowledge of human nature know what amount of good the "Army" has done or can do. Those who want a fresh example need only read the accounts of the barbaric *tamasha* the other day at the Alexandra Palace, when dozens of drums and hundreds of brass instruments re-enacted the accompaniment of the worship of MOLOCH, and when the "hundred Salvation prisoners in "gaol costume"—the same who made such fun at Exeter Hall by parodying the reading of the Psalms—exhibited "riotous enthusiasm." Nothing, indeed, seems to have been wanting but an epileptic or two to revive the full glories of the great revival-camp period, and nothing but a little "cutting with knives" (General BOOTH must be very angry with the Book he is supposed to hold sacred for having made it difficult to add such an undoubted "draw" as this would be to his attractions) to carry remembrance still further back. It may be said, without the slightest fear of contradiction by any one acquainted with human nature and with religion, that this sort of thing can do no good. That is to say, the good that it may do in a very few cases would certainly have been effected by other means and in higher degree in those cases. With a majority of "soldiers" the effect is doubtless, as far as religion goes, purely negative; with the large minority wholly bad, as exciting morbid activity in one direction, which is pretty certain either to relapse into indifference or to take an opposite direction. This is to consider things from the most narrowly religious, or rather ecclesiastical, standpoint; for in religion there is no narrowness at all. To the considerer from any other point of view, to him who notes the hideousness of the spectacle, who sees the way in which the worst vice of the English character—its tendency to sheer vulgarity—is pandered to and excited, who observes the cult of the ugly, the coarse, the profane, the idiotic, which the whole thing nourishes, the Salvation Army must seem nuisance enough if it kept itself strictly to itself in its own dens. But when it forces its loathsome Pagan orgies on the ears and in the way of the public, its shrift cannot be too short or its sentences too long.

THE BULL-FIGHT IN FRANCE.

IT would, in the opinion of some—not persons of the most austere virtue, but still people of average morality—be a pity if the bull-fight were to disappear from Spain. Humanity must disapprove it; but, none the less, it is a piece of picturesque barbarism—a thing the tourist loves. Besides, in Spain it is in its own house. It has always been there, and whatever the preacher may say, it no more brutalizes the Spaniards—a naturally civil and affectionate nation—than the practice of catching fish with a hook and leaving them to die on the bottom of a boat or on a river bank brutalizes the many estimable, nay, even lovable, gentlemen who adhere to it. Let us clear our minds of cant. But the bull-fight at home and the bull-fight abroad are two very different things. The mere fact that it is not natural to any country condemns its introduction to that country. Those

who would bring it in act in defiance of the accepted tradition of their own society, which is bad in itself, and, seeing what the nature of the show is, they must be indifferent to inflicting or watching the infliction of pain. Those surroundings and that past, which, if they do not redeem, do at least, to some extent, veil the real character of the show in Spain, cannot be reproduced elsewhere. What can be imported is the torture and slaughter of horses or bulls, and the risk to the lives of men, which, as the well informed know, is always great. Deliberately to import these, is, and must be, brutalizing in the last degree.

If any proof of these rather obvious truths is needed, it is supplied by the two French bull-baiting stories of the last ten days. Shows of this kind, in which everything is done except the actual killing of the bull, have been permitted at Paris and Marseilles. A feeble effort was made to preserve some show of humanity, but it was soon swept aside. In Paris the performer, whom the papers call LAGARTJA the toreador, but whose name is LAGARTJO, and whose profession is that of torero, grew impatient. He felt as LOHMANN might if he were asked to bowl for Frenchmen with a worsted ball. He determined to show them the real thing. He took a sword and killed the beast—not, as it would seem, very cleverly. The audience, be it noted, were for the most part wild with enthusiasm. At Marseilles, a few days later, a further step in advance was made. There a bull proved cowardly, and was tortured in the bestial fashion used to work him to the fighting pitch in Spanish rings. So little was the audience shocked by this that it howled for a repetition of the Paris incident. One man, inspired by the genius of the spectacle, threw a little boy down from a good height, and it is the one redeeming feature in the conduct of the audience that he was with some difficulty saved from a lynching. The show, in short, ended in an outbreak of brutal bloodthirstiness. Not the least remarkable part of the story is that neither incident seems to have attracted much notice in the press. And yet we think that they are both decidedly ominous of a very bad tendency among the French. It would really seem that within this last generation they have begun to find a pleasure in cruelty for its own sake. They have long tolerated representations of it in painting, on the stage, and in literature. From the nature of things, the stimulus has had to be made continually stronger and stronger till at last the representation seems to be found insipid, and some form of the actual thing is called for. It is with cruelty as with indecency—there is no stopping in the representations of them till a reaction of disgust is created, or there comes an incurable corruption of taste and morals. That they have an actual practical effect is undoubted. No nation is without sin certainly in this matter; and, until the White-chapel murderer has been shown not to be an Englishman, we must be careful in throwing stones; but we doubt whether, if the last fifteen years are taken, all Europe can be shown to have produced so much exceptional crime as France. Of ordinary murders and robberies, such as have occurred, and will occur among all peoples, we do not speak, but of crimes distinguished by an ostentation of cruelty and an insanity of lust. Now it looks as if the mass of the community were becoming callous, as if there were a reappearance on the surface of the brutality which has always underlain their brilliancy, of the tiger in them as opposed to the monkey.

DR. ALLBUTT'S CASE.

THE judgment delivered by the Court of Appeal in the case of Dr. ALLBUTT goes far beyond the facts of the particular dispute between plaintiff and defendants. The charge against Dr. ALLBUTT, which was the publication of a book alleged to be subversive of social morality, never came before the jury at the trial, or before the Lords Justices on appeal. Baron POLLOCK held that the plaintiff had, on his own showing, no cause of action; and this ruling has now been confirmed, after due consideration, by the Court above. Nevertheless, in order to make the matter clear and the result intelligible, it is necessary to give a brief account of what Dr. ALLBUTT did and what happened to Dr. ALLBUTT. Dr. ALLBUTT, then, is a medical practitioner at Leeds, who wrote for sale at a cheap price a volume entitled *The Wife's Handbook*. About this work and its nature the less said the better. Baron POLLOCK correctly told the jury that they could not inquire into the merits of the controversy, and certainly it

is not our business to do so. The General Council of Medical Education, however, took a very strong view of Dr. ALLBUTT's book, and erased his name from the register as a person guilty of infamous conduct. The legal effects of this erasure are rather curious. Reducing Dr. ALLBUTT from the status of a qualified to that of an unqualified practitioner, they leave him capable of practising, render him incapable of suing for his fees, and reimpose upon him the obligation, from which he was previously exempt, of serving upon juries. It seems not a little odd that a doctor whose conduct has, in the opinion of his professional brethren, been infamous may, unlike his more respectable colleagues, determine questions involving the lives, the liberty, or the reputation of his fellow-citizens. But that is a side issue. The Medical Council, having thus disqualified Dr. ALLBUTT in accordance with their statutory powers, published the fact, with the reasons for the course they took, in their official Minutes. These Minutes, when printed, are open to the world, and nobody could deny that in this instance they must have inflicted serious injury upon Dr. ALLBUTT's character. We cannot wonder that, in the circumstances, he should have sought to reopen the question and to obtain redress. Indeed, it is distinctly in his favour that he did so. But Parliament has chosen, as we think wisely, to make the decision of the Medical Council on such points absolutely final, and the real question for the Court of Appeal was whether the Council had a right to declare their grounds for doing what they had an undoubted right to do.

Dr. ALLBUTT did, indeed, ask for a mandamus that his name should be restored to the register, as having been improperly removed from it. But of this application the judges made very short work, holding that there was nothing whatever in it. The defence of privilege was the important point, and as to that the reasoning of Lord Justice LOPES, in which Lord COLERIDGE and Lord Justice LINDLEY concurred, is likely to be often quoted for the broad principles which he lays down. It had to be admitted from the outset that, if the Medical Council were a court of law, no action of libel could be brought. On the other hand, it was a material fact that the circulation of the Minutes was not confined to members of the Council, and, therefore, the privilege arising from common interest in the subject-matter was not available. Under the recent Libel Acts, a fair report of a public meeting convened for a lawful purpose is protected, unless the statements made by the speakers deal with things with which the public have no legitimate concern. But Dr. ALLBUTT's case was determined independently of those Acts, and upon wider conclusions of policy or law. More than a hundred years ago it was said by Mr. Justice LAWRENCE, in a criminal prosecution for libel, that "the general advantage to the country "in having these proceedings made public more than "counterbalances the inconvenience to private persons "whose conduct may be the subject of such proceedings." It would be difficult to express more neatly, or more tersely, the rational basis of this exception to the law of libel. In the present instance, as Lord Justice LOPES ingeniously pointed out, Dr. ALLBUTT might have received more harm than good from the silence which he contends that the Council ought to have observed. For by the Act of 1858, under which he has been disqualified, conviction for felony or misdemeanour is the only way to disqualification besides "infamous conduct in any professional respect." If, therefore, the mere decree of disqualification had become known, as it must have become known, without any reason for it being stated, Dr. ALLBUTT's neighbours and the world at large might have inferred that he had been condemned for some heinous offence by the very tribunal of which he now complains that he is deprived. The public have a right to know why a duly qualified medical practitioner has been ignominiously struck out of the lists.

THE PERSECUTED THOMPSON.

HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, aided by their legal advisers, have still to finally settle what amount of compensation may be due to a young man who had been wandering about the Midland Counties in great destitution, for three months' imprisonment inflicted for an offence which he confessed to but had not committed. For the rest, however, the case of HENRY THOMPSON is now done with, and a curious one it is. A more consistent record

of blundering could hardly have been thought out. As far as we can see, the first of the blunderers was the innocent HENRY THOMPSON himself. He need never have told the innkeeper at Derby that he was a deserter from the navy, as he did, according to Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, still less need he have added details as to the friend who accompanied him which fitted so well with the undoubted case of WILLIAM FLOYD. Whether it was accident or design which caused him to tell this romance we really do not care to inquire; but there was enough in it to justify the publican in speaking to a policeman and the policeman in running THOMPSON in. Captain WOODWARD, before whom he was brought, seems to have argued that no human being would be such a fool as to say in confidence that he was a deserter if he was not, or so weak as to confess to the truth when brought before an authority competent to punish him. So he gave no credit to THOMPSON's denial of his first story, and did give him three months. Now that the truth is known, the action of Captain WOODWARD seems hasty; but Mr. A. S. HILL was speaking with plausibility when he said that any member of the House of Commons would have behaved in just the same way, and he might have added that in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand he would have been right.

Unfortunately for Captain WOODWARD this was the thousandth case. THOMPSON is THOMPSON who had left, not H.M.S. *Calliope*, which is a punishable act, but his own respectable family, a step he had a legal right to take. Therefore they ought to have shown more care on board H.M.S. *Duke of Wellington*, and ought among other things not to have mistaken the marks of a balloon accident for tattooing. They tattoo in the navy better than that. Yet again, Captain WOODWARD should have known that the Judges in the Queen's Bench are captains in their own ship, and should have been more exact when called upon to appear there. For the rest, he has gained some experience by the ordinary process of paying for it. More should be known about the rest of the story—the charge of larceny, and the appearance of the kind legal friend who showed THOMPSON his chances—before its worth is estimated. As regards the last stage of the history, however, there need be no doubt. The resolution which Mr. BRADLAUGH moved, Mr. BALLANTINE seconded, and Sir HORACE DAVEY endorsed is one of a kind we are now very familiar with. Somebody gets into trouble; there is evidence, or apparent evidence, that he has had hard measure. Immediately thereupon there is a cry to give him a handsome competence, without asking whether he did not help to bring his trouble on himself. Mr. BRADLAUGH and his supporters insisted on what the Crown lawyers know very well—namely, that it is neither law nor sense to take THOMPSON's general conduct into account in deciding whether he ought to have been imprisoned for a certain definite offence. But it may well be considered before we make up our minds what amount of compensation is due to him. After all, boys who run away from their families and wander in the Midland Counties, who tell penny novelettes to publicans, and tell contradictory stories to policemen, are really not objects for profuse sympathy or compensation. The adventures of THOMPSON do not, in our opinion, show that the liberty of the lieges who act with reasonable caution is in any danger from aggressive naval officers. As for the threat uttered in the House that, if the boy is not well paid, he will be spirited up to bring an action for false imprisonment, it is not of good example. If it is acted on, we trust that a British jury will also remember that false imprisonment does not necessarily entitle man or boy to a comfortable subsistence.

THE BUSINESS OF THE HOUSE.

MR. SMITH'S statement, last Thursday, with reference to the course of public business foreshadows appropriately an unexciting wind-up of a pleasingly uneventful Session. In substance it was to the effect that the Government intend to pass two of the Bills now before the House, in any event, and that as to the others, not more than some half dozen in number, to which they attach importance, they propose to be more or less governed by circumstances. The two selected as imperative are, of course, the Scotch Local Government Bill and the Scotch Universities Bill. These, as the leader of the House said, are already far

advanced, having, indeed, got almost clear of their contentious stages altogether, and, were it not for the somewhat copious mass of details remaining to be disposed of, their course would be as expeditious as it should be smooth. Next to them in point of importance come the Bills which have passed through Grand Committee of the House, and which on that account, therefore, it would be naturally a disappointment to the Government to abandon. The FIRST LORD of the TREASURY "entertains" the strongest hope of being able to pass these without making serious demands on the time of the House. We, however, must for our own part content ourselves with hoping for the realization of Mr. SMITH's hopes without insisting too disagreeably on the difference between hope and expectation. The Tithe Rent Charge Bill and the Irish Sunday Closing Bill are two more measures which Ministers are anxious to pass if possible. The one for good reasons of public policy, the other on the less satisfactory ground of pledges given on the point, and of the fact, important perhaps, but on occasion to be disregarded, that it has been considered by a Select Committee of the House. The New Education Code is to be withdrawn, and Elementary Schools are to go on living under the Code of 1888, for which, in our humble judgment, they will be none the worse. The Irish Drainage Bills, with the exception of the one relating to the Bann, are to be withdrawn. The Light Railways Bill is to be proceeded with as a measure which, unlike its companions, was received with general favour by the House.

The programme is not an ambitious one, and Mr. SMITH, no doubt, hopes to be able to complete it in such time as to enable the House to rise at what used to be the normal date of the beginning of the autumnal recess. We trust that he may succeed in his object; but there are little more than three weeks to run; there are still a good many votes to be taken in Supply, including some of those on which the Parnellites are particularly wont to "spread themselves," and there is certain to be contentious debate of some kind and to some extent on the Report of the Royal Grants Committee. Consequently the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY will do well, we think, to chasten his expectations, and to hold himself ready for further lightening of the legislation ship.

THE FRENCH ARMY BILL.

THE French Army Bill has at last become law. Its passage is the end of a long history. For three or four years past (perhaps more) it has been on its way to this final consummation. It has been sent up by the Chamber and delayed in the Senate. Now it is back to whence it did begin. The origin of the Act and its history are eminently characteristic of French politics as they now are. When it was first brought in the Radicals were in flush. They believed that the country was with them much and would be with them more. General BOULANGER was then their pet, and they thought he would be their tool. He, smelling how the wind was then blowing, was strong for the Bill. Its object was to abolish the army organization of M. THIERS, by which the length of service had been fixed at five years as the rule, with one year's service as the exception for conscripts who had passed an examination and had paid fifteen hundred francs. Complete exemption was granted to Seminary pupils on the principle that it was unbecoming to send future priests to a barracks. The new law was to abolish these outrages on equality. It provided that all Frenchmen, with very limited exceptions, must serve for two years. There were to be no exemptions, and notably the future priests were to be swept in. On this point the Radicals were very emphatic, and as usual the moderate men were obedient to them. It was to no purpose that authorities who could not be controverted pointed out that all the men of twenty in any given year could not possibly be called to the colours. The Budget would not permit it, and, therefore, it was better to recognize exemptions on a definite system in order to avoid jobbery and confusion. To equally little purpose did these authorities point out that the abolition of the five years' term of service would make it far harder than it is at present, when it is hard enough, to secure competent non-commissioned officers. The pay offered is not enough to tempt Frenchmen, and if the necessity of staying with the colours is taken away, they will go as soon as they can. Not the least of the evils inflicted on France by the cession of Alsace has been the loss of the district from which the best of their non-

commissioned officers were drawn. Of course, the most hopeless of all objections was the Conservatives'. They complained of the indecency of forcing the priests into the barracks. But this was precisely what made the Radicals in love with the Bill, and so it went up to the Senate.

The Senate was sadly puzzled. It would have preferred to have none of the Bill, but was afraid of the Radicals. So it delayed over the measure, and carried it on, as its Standing Orders allow it, from Session to Session. In the meantime a change has occurred in politics. The General has fallen out with the Radicals and taken up with the Conservatives. The election approaches, and something must be done. The Senate was in a fix. If it rejected the Bill, it offended the Radicals; if it passed it bodily, it offended the Conservatives still further. Under these circumstances a third course has been taken. The Bill has been passed, but so amended that conscripts who pass an examination at the end of a year are to be allowed to go home. Doctors and priests are, so the Minister of War promises, to be exclusively employed in the ambulance. In peace, however, they are to be drilled like the rest; and, though they will not be required to fight, must learn how to form fours right and threes about. In this way it is apparently hoped by the Senate that everybody will be satisfied. The Radicals will be pleased to see that the priests are sent to the barracks, and their friends the Conservatives thereby insulted. At the same time the Conservatives will be propitiated by the concession which exempts the priests from actually bearing arms in war. The middle path chosen seems to us exquisitely characteristic of the moderate man. It is admirably adapted to annoy both sides. The Radicals will be angered by the concession granted to the priests, such as it is; and the Conservatives will not be in the least grateful for the half concession which still inflicts an outrage. However it has been passed. The Radicals have taken it as an instalment, and the Conservatives as one more outrage for which they hope to have their equivalent. The question now is whether the General will gain most by the further aggravation of the Conservatives, or lose by the passing of the measure which he once supported. Of the two results the former is the more probable. The Conservatives support the General because they hate the other fellows. They will not support him the less because they have reason to hate them more. As for his Republican supporters, they need not like him the worse because his Bill has been passed in a modified form.

THE ROYAL GRANTS COMMITTEE.

IT was in strict accord with propriety and precedent for Mr. LABOUCHERE's name to be placed on the Royal Grants Committee; but if even there had not been these reasons for adding it, the step would have been a judicious and certainly, from our point of view, a fortunate one. For Mr. LABOUCHERE, having been himself nominated to the Committee, was of course not in a position to criticize its constitution, whereby this duty devolved upon Mr. SAMUEL STOREY, with results which must give unfeigned satisfaction to every one who desires the vulgarer forms of Radicalism to be discredited by association with the most glaring examples of fatuous arrogance and puerile political swagger. Mr. LABOUCHERE, even when he is serious, which, even in these days of his degeneracy, is not always the case, retains always enough of his sense of humour to avoid making himself and his cause ridiculous. Mr. STOREY does not know when he is absurd, much less how absurd he is—he cannot know it, or, in the name of that "manhood" of which he seems so proud, he would hesitate to talk the language of a boy's first speech at his debating club. Such unconsciousness of the figure which he was cutting would have been impossible to either of the members for Northampton; whereas Mr. STOREY went contentedly and complacently on, evidently convinced that he was impressing Sunderland, at any rate, and showing, by his criticisms on the nominations of Sir HUSSEY VIVIAN, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and Sir ALEXANDER CAMPBELL—persons objected to solely and simply because they did not conform to Mr. STOREY's exclusively private views of eligibility—how fathomless are the abysses of Radical conceit. The Government, we repeat, could have asked no better fortune for their proposal with reference to the Royal Grants than that it should have been made the occasion of five characteristic speeches from Mr. STOREY.

The attitude of Mr. GLADSTONE, too, though every one who

knows his peculiarities must have been prepared for it, was naturally calculated to strengthen the Ministerial position. Mr. GLADSTONE supported the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY steadily throughout last Tuesday's debate. He upheld the principle of party distribution on which the Committee had been formed, and he united with them in resistance to Mr. LABOUCHERE's *mauvaise plaisanterie* of an amendment to the effect that the Committee should have "power to send for persons, papers, and records." His presence on that body, and the certainty—as we take it to be—that he will vote there with the Ministerial majority, cannot fail to embarrass the Radicals of his party considerably in any attack which they may hereafter make upon the Report. This is so desirable an end to secure, and we feel so sincere a gratitude to Mr. GLADSTONE for assisting us to secure it, that we have not the heart to criticize the motives which bring him on this question of Royal Grants into line with the Government. It is the thing to describe these motives as his "Conservative instincts," and Conservative instincts they shall be for us. We will school ourselves, if possible, to believe that when Mr. GLADSTONE supports a Government of his opponents in dealing with an application for a grant to Royalty he does so in the spirit, not of the courtier, but of the constitutional statesman; and that the traditions and impulses of the ex-Minister, of the three times chief adviser of the Crown, of the old Parliamentary leader who has grown grey in the dignities and responsibilities of office, are at that moment strong within him. We will do our best, we say, to persuade ourselves of this, and, if we succeed, we shall then have nothing further to do than to wonder at and regret that the operation of these guiding and restraining impulses on Mr. GLADSTONE's mind is so extremely capricious, and that, while these impulses and traditions are strong within him when it is a question of paying respect to the visible symbols of authority in the person of the Sovereign or of the Heir Apparent, yet when the appeal is made to them in a name which ought to stand higher in the estimation of a Liberal statesman than those of King or Princes—in the name, that is to say, of Law and the sanctity of Law—they seem to have altogether vanished.

THEATRICAL CHILDREN.

THE House of Commons has decided by a majority of forty-nine votes that a portion of the London poor shall in future be yet poorer than they are. This is the practical outcome of its activity last Wednesday. It rejected Mr. JENNINGS's amendment (supported for once with sense as well as wit by Mr. LABOUCHERE) to the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Bill, by which theatres were to be specially authorized to employ children. In doing so it decided that certain sums of money, amounting in the aggregate to a considerable figure, and earned during the very months in which it is hardest to earn wages in the towns, shall no longer be gained. Incidentally it also voted that some hundreds of children shall in future spend the hours which they at present spend under a roof, and in conditions of reasonable warmth and cleanliness, either in the gutter or in their own poor, overcrowded homes. These things, too, have been done in the name of humanity—and, being done, we do not expect to see them undone. Finally, it is to be recorded that the House offers nothing to replace what it takes away. It imposes a clear loss on the poor, always in the name of philanthropy and morals. This is the solid fact, and no haze of words can obscure it.

As for the arguments by which this decision was represented as being for the general good of the community and the particular good of the children, they are of two kinds. First, we are told that the Factory Acts forbid the employment of children, and so they ought not to be employed in theatres. Many speakers who used this "argument" quite acknowledged that theatrical children are well treated. None made any serious attempt to prove that the work has bad effects. There is a certain amount of assertion to that effect; but the evidence is rather on the other side. It will, too, require a good deal to prove that hours in a theatre are not better for children than hours in an overcrowded lodging or the gutter. There is such a thing as dying the death of a fool, that is to say, dying of too much logic (which generally means too little). Then comes the real argument of the majority. It was most candidly stated by Messrs. S. SMITH and WINTERBOTHAM, and is nothing but

our old friend the immorality of the theatre. The majority of theatrical children join the ballet, said Mr. WINTERBOTHAM, and "then what becomes of them?" Well, what becomes of them is that they earn scanty wages by hard work—which is a common lot. If they became sewing women, what would become of them? Much the same thing, we imagine—only that their hours would be longer, the work duller, and the earnings smaller. If a certain proportion of them eke out their small pay, and find a resource when out of work, in casual prostitution, as much may be said of sewing women or factory girls. The subject is one which can hardly be discussed frankly in public. We all know the cant that is talked about it, but one hardly likes to discuss it fully. For the rest Mr. WINTERBOTHAM's argument is just as good against the employment of children over ten. They are every whit as likely to be corrupted. In truth, however, the immorality of the stage is less among the regular population than among those women who come upon the stage at seventeen or eighteen for purposes of display. But there is one simple consideration which ought to make Mr. S. SMITH and Mr. WINTERBOTHAM doubt whether they will really do much good by saving very small children from the exciting influences of the theatre. The poorer the family, the more likely are the women to have recourse to prostitution. Where the sister who is under ten is not allowed to earn the few shillings which make all the difference between starvation and sufficiency, the sister who is over seventeen is the more and not the less likely to take to the streets. Then the child who is no longer confined to the deleterious influences of the theatre has the more leisure to run up and down the streets, whereby she is the more likely to profit by her sister's example, and be trained by the conversation of her sister's friends. Such are the results to which philanthropy and a tender regard for public morals lead us, and they ought to show still more clearly the beauty of holiness as it is exemplified in the unco guid.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF HERALDRY.

"THAT is not a lion," said a herald, many years ago, on being shown a picture by a famous animal-painter. "That is not a lion; and if, after having been five-and-twenty years at the Herald's College, I do not know a lion when I see one, I should like to know who does." If the author of a certain book on heraldry, some three centuries old, had been interrogated on the subject, he would probably have made a very similar remark, judging from the confidence with which he described the appearances and habits of the birds, beasts, reptiles, and fishes emblazoned in the armorial bearings of which he treated. Ever eager to improve our knowledge of natural history, we lately plunged into his work, and began our studies by searching for the aforesaid lion. With little trouble we found one upon a shield, which is thus described:—"Stokes hys cote. The field is gules, a Lyon Rampante, his queue forked, d'Ermyne. Here the Lyon his tayle is forked. For by y^e taile his boldnesse, and harte is knowne, as the horse is known by his eares. For when the Lyon is wrothe, first he beateth the earthe with his tayle, and afterwarde as the wrathe encreaseth, he smiteth and beateth his owne backe." Next to him we found a "Lyon Couchant" of which we are told something that ought to prove even more useful to lion-hunters than to heralds, as it will enable them to make a lion "couch," instead of springing upon them, whenever they please. All they need do is to take up a puppy, which it will be well to "keep handy" when lion-hunting, and whip it; for "the Lyon dreadeth when he seeth or heareth a whelp beaten; and by none other means, waies, or dealings, he is chastised, corrected, or made to couch." Lions, however, may be frightened by other means, as they "dreade noyse, and rushing of wheles, but fire muche more." Many people ignorant of natural history may have been surprised at seeing crests and arms bearing a lion dormant with his eyes open. This only shows that they have not read their Isidore, who "saith that the Lyon's eies are as though he were awake, when he sleepeth." Then we come to a "Lyon Gardant." "This Lyon here noted, is as it were considering his estate, being furnished in his kindnesse. For he is a right kind beast, and knoweth and loveth hym that doth him good." On the other hand, he knoweth still better him that doth him evil, as we find on reading the description accompanying a coat of arms emblazoned with a "Lyon Rampant Vulned." "This Lyon is wounded, and when he is so, he taketh wonderfully hede, and knoweth him that firste smote him, and reyseth on the smiter, though he be in neuer so greute a multitude." A very noble animal is the Lion Passant! "This Lyon is in the plaine field, accordinge to the hignessee of his stomacke: which is such, that if he happen to come into any Woode, or Couerte, he runneth out of the same

with swift course, accounting it vile shame, to lurke, or hide him selfe."

We have said enough to show that, even in Elizabethan times, the lion had been dealt with in many forms on coat-armour; it would, therefore, be but natural to expect that he must have been pretty nearly done to death by the time of Queen Victoria. In the early years of Her present Majesty's reign, an armless family applied for a grant of a shield bearing a lion in any shape or attitude which the Kings of Arms might consider most fitting. The following reply (which may edify those who are under the impression that a person may get any arms he likes to ask for at the Herald's College if he will only pay for them) is treasured among the archives of that family:—"Alas, we have already granted him in every conceivable pose, colour, and metal. We have given him at one time two heads, at another two tails; we have cut off his head, his tail, and his paws; we have covered him with decorations varying from collars and crowns to roses on his noble stomach; we have tied him up with chains and ropes; we have stuck all sorts of warlike and domestic implements of torture through him, from the ancient British spear to the modern kitchen skewer; we have put into his paws almost every known article of use or no use; we have placed him on bodies celestial and terrestrial, animal, vegetable, and mineral; in short—" But here we make a protest. For we could have suggested yet another pose for the lion, and one in which, so far as we know, no herald, ancient or modern, has ever placed him—namely, running away at the top of his speed with his tail between his legs; and we appeal to every one who has had any experience of lion-hunting to bear us out in saying that this is the attitude he most commonly assumes when a sportsman goes "up the country" with a rifle in order to obtain his skin.

Our old herald had much to tell us about other animals besides lions. He says that "the Tygre is a beaste wondrefull in strength and most swift in flighte, as it were an arrowe. . . . He is distinguished with diverse speckes." Another speckled animal is the panther, "who is frende to all Beastes save the dragon. This beaste hath on his skynne little rounde spottes, some blacke, and some white, and all fower foted beastes have a lykynge to beholde his colours: And therefore where hee is, thither will they resort, because of y^e swete savour that cometh from hym, which the Dragon onely can not abyde." We must not omit to add that, although he "bee a ryghte cruell beaste, yet hee ys not unkynde to them that helpe or succour hym." "Th' elephante" is defined as an animal that "passeth all other fower foted beastes in quantitie of bodie. . . . He is strong enemye to the horse, and is of suche might as he is able to take upp an horse and a man armed upon hym." The camelopard "is powdered with white spottes. . . . haviinge an heade like a Camell, the necke of an horse and feete like a Bugle. This beaste is more worth in sight than in fierceness, and is so mylde and softe, as a sheepe." Not that sheep were altogether despised in armorial bearings, for we find a shield with "A Ramme quarterly parted S. and Ermyne, armed and unguled d'or," to which is attached this comment:—"He is a noble beaste and beste knowne in this Realme . . . some reporte that of Rammes hornes buried or hidde in the grounde, is broughte forth an Herbe, called *Asparagus*, in Englishe sperage." Does not the etymologist perceive in "sperage" the origin of the modern word "sparagass"? An awful and a terrible brute is the "Hien, Hyen, or Hyena." "Thys is a cruell beaste . . . for . . . hee cometh to houses by nyghte, and feyneth speache of mankynde, and caleth some man by hys name, and when he hath hym without the dores devoureth hym." We find some details about the Wolf, of which we had hitherto been ignorant. "By kind, he desireth to eat fishe. . . . If it happeneth in any wise that in treadinge upon stones, he maketh any noyse with his feete, then he forthwith chastiseth that foote with hard bytinge. . . . The Wolfe cannot bende his necke backwarde in no moneth of the yeaere, but in Maye onely, when it thundereth. . . . In his taylor he beareth a locke of heare, which exciteth loue." We fully agree with the statement that the dog is "a beaste full ingenious." Coursing men will like to read that the greyhound has a long "snowte," with ears "longe" and "plyante," and old ladies (*à propos* of a shield bearing a "Catte Gardant") that that domestic animal is "enemie to Myse and Rattes. He is slye and wittie. . . . He maketh a rufull noyse." He does, indeed! Another interesting coat of arms bears "A Bore sauge passant." "Hys ryghte shulder is harde, brode and thicke, which he occupieth as a shielde to defende hym withal, putting that brawne for his chefe armoure against his weapon that pursueth hym." Even horsey men will find something here to interest them. Horses "be ioyfull in the fieldes, and smell battayles, and with the noyse of Trompettes are comforted thereunto," as we once discovered to our cost when a hack "bucked" us off, on passing a brass band. Our herald has a good word to say even for a much humbler animal. The "Miricion Passante" is a "beaste of witte. . . . Of us English men he is termed an Irchin."

As a connecting link between flesh and fish we will place this coat-of-arms:—"The field is Gules, a Mermaid, or Syren proper, playing on a harpe, d'or. F." "The Mermaid is a Sea beast, wonderfullly shapen." We will dispose of fishes rapidly by mentioning a crest of "Twoo Delphins d'Argent, addorsed hariatul." The Dolphin "hath great liking in harmonie. . . . Oftentimes they are sene to leap over Ships. The Delphine is most meke, louing, and gentle." And now we will examine some ornithological arms, beginning with "A Cross engrayled ermyne, betwene

four Cockes, counterchanged of the one, and the other, membred and cristed Gules," arms which lead our naturalist to observe that "the Cocke breedeth a Precious Stone called Allectricium. . . . And because of the same stone, the Lyon dreadeth and abhorreth him, especially if the Cocke be white." From four cocks we will pass on to "Three Cranes Argente." It seems that when these birds "sitte on the grounde, for their safegarde, they ordaine watches by course among them selves, that they may reeste the more surely: and those whiche keep the watche, stande upon one fote, holding eche of them a little stone in the other, highe from the earthe, that by fallinge thereof, they maie be awaked, if it happe any of them to fall a sleepe." In case the ignorant should be puzzled by the crest of "An Ostriche Regardante," the herald explains that the ostrich is a bird with "a longe necke, a shorte bil and a sharpe, soft feathers, two thighes, and fete with hoofs cloven." Rather than bear such unpleasant arms as "A Vultur," "a foule very ravenous, and a great deuourer of carren," that "moste desireth to feede on man's fleshe," we should select the humbler one of "Three gees arborie d'argent," which reminds our author that "it is read that ther be certain trees in Scotland, which growinge nere y^e bank of a great water, bring forth fruit conglomerate with leaues, and the same falling when it is ripe into the riuier, quickeneth, and is turned into a liue bird, which they call Anserum arboreum, a goose of the tree." Another water-bird used in heraldry is the swan, which is of all "birdes the whitest, of a shyre voice, and singeth moste sweetly towarde y^e time of his death. . . . He is a gentle and a quyet bird." Evidently the writer had never accidentally backed his boat into a swan's nest! Ornithologists will be interested to read of "an Owsell d'Argente, beaked golde, legged gules," that "she singeth pleasantly in the summer, in winter she stammereth," and that "whereas in all places shee is blacke, yet in Achaya she is white." And now for the king of birds—"An Eagle Displayed." "Th' Eagle hath principalitie ouer al foules, and is most liberal and free of harte. For the praye that he taketh onlesse it be fir hongre, hee eateth it not alone, but setteth it in common to all the foules that followe him. . . . But when the praye that is take is not sufficient for hymselfe, then as a kynge, that taketh head of a comminallitie, hee taketh the bird that is next unto hym, geueth it among th' others, and serueth them therewith." Even more interesting than this account of the boldest and fiercest of birds is that of the meekest and mildest; for it tells us how Noah announced that the flood was subsiding. It seems certain that the patriarch exclaimed, "Behold I see a dove volant, d'Argent, beaked Azure, legged gules, and bearing an olive leaf proper"; for our infallible herald thus describes such a bird, and adds, "By this did Noe know, that the waters were abated upon the earth, when the general floude was."

Modern men of science may sneer at our old herald if they please; but in that case let them be consistent and design armorial bearings suited to this age of discovery (such as Arms. Gu. Three Atoms, evolved, ppr. Crest. A germ, rampant, vert.) with full details and descriptions of these "wonderfull beastes"; and let them flatter themselves if they will that readers three hundred years hence will not smile at them as much as they themselves may smile at the ideas expressed in the *Armorie* from which we have been quoting.

"WHEN MRS. BOFFIN IS NOT PRESENT."

ANY reference, even the slightest; any allusion, even the most carefully veiled in the obscurity of a learned or any other language, to the surely not disputable fact that Mr. Gladstone is mortal, calls forth such a tempest of rage from Gladstonians that a polite Unionist abstains from it as much as possible. He adds, like the courtly French preacher, "Presque tous" when he has, in referring to Mr. Gladstone, or even in the remote context of such a reference, occasion to mention this unpleasant but universal (we beg pardon, nearly universal) law of our being. Were it not for this, such an one might be tempted, without thinking harm, to suggest that Gladstonians have even more occasion than Unionists to wish that Mr. Gladstone was *mortuus* instead of *moriturus*. True, they would have to give up Home Rule; but, as there is not one of the more important of them except Mr. John Morley, who cares a button for Home Rule, or who would ever have thought, but for Mr. Gladstone, of taking it up, that would not matter. True, they would lose a name to conjure with; but, since the famous occasion when the conjuring failed on a certain Budget, there has been doubt, hesitation, and pain, even among the most faithful, as to the infallibility of the conjuration. And, after all, it is not absolutely delightful to know that the leader of your party every day he lives makes of himself in a greater degree what Sir Hugh Evans (Ah! why does not Wales breed more Sir Hughs now?) agreeably calls a "voluting-stog." It is regarded, we believe, even in Gladstonian quarters, as doubtful whether Mr. Gladstone has ever made quite such a voluting-stog of himself as he did at the end of last week in his extraordinary double-barrelled reply to the Cardiff deputation which brought him gold, incense, and freedom. So odd were his proceedings that they really look as if some of the saner members of his party had instructed him how to behave properly, and he had so far complied as to behave properly in one room and improperly in the other. "My friends, I preach on Monday to God's people, and on Tuesday to t-r-n-tion

half-re-sinners," said the ingenuous hero of one of the good old stories which are so much better than the new ones. Mr. Gladstone adopts the principle, and even observes the order. Before luncheon, to use his own words, he, by agreement with his host, said "only what could be addressed to British subjects and citizens." We most thoroughly agree with his implication that what he said after luncheon, when "the restrictions were removed" with the cloth, was not suited to British subjects and citizens. Indeed half a brick might seem to a British subject and citizen a more fitting acknowledgment of this part of Mr. Gladstone's remarks than a casket made entirely of 18-carat gold. But the most interesting point of this very interesting occasion was that Mr. Gladstone's casket (indeed, indeed, it is not our fault that this word has in American a double meaning, likely to wound the sensibility aforesaid) was understood to be subscribed for by persons of divers political creeds. Mr. Gladstone had not on this occasion the pleasure which his great leader Mr. Parnell is going to relish shortly of receiving a freedom and a casket which a majority of his future fellow-townsmen would rather give to the devil than to himself, and with maimed rites due to the protest of the real representatives of that majority. As his opportunities of speaking are not exactly few, and as it was not quite three full weeks since he poured a flood of what is called eloquence for some six mortal, or, let us say, six blessed days, on the West Country, almost within sight of Cardiff, it might have been thought that he could hold his tongue for this one occasion. But no.

There was nothing very remarkable in the first oration—the oration addressed to Philip who had not had luncheon—except the surprising admission that Mr. Gladstone has no near personal connexion with Cardiff. That is a real distinction for Cardiff; the town on the Taff is henceforth the Lord Castlereagh of the congress of English towns. The same thing can hardly be said of the reference to the possible duration of Mr. Gladstone's life and labours, which is a return to regulation. But after these usual or unusual items the non-Gladstonians, who had wisely or unwisely joined in conferring on Mr. Gladstone a honour to which, in the case of any statesman of Mr. Gladstone's rank and standing except Mr. Gladstone himself, the stoutest partisan could not think of objecting, had not entirely reason to congratulate themselves on the forbearance which postponed contentious points—such, for instance, as Mr. Gladstone's reference to Welsh patriotism. There is probably not a Welshman who is not patriotic; but there are certainly many Welshmen who, in Mr. Gladstone's sense, are very bad patriots indeed. But, on the whole, the peace was fairly preserved. There could not be anything very contentious (despite a good deal of the innuendo which Mr. Gladstone never has the good taste wholly to exclude) in references to the Corn Laws and Centralization. Of course, when Mr. Gladstone says that he thinks England is in a better position to meet the world in arms than she ever was, one can only shrug shoulders. Unlike some of our opponents, we never assume that a man tells deliberate falsehood unless we can prove it. The present proportion of home-grown to imported food as contrasted with the proportion a hundred years ago, the present state of Continental armies and navies as compared with their state then, the bearings of the enlargement of the franchise on the power of the nation to carry on a partly unfortunate war, the changes of the general conditions of warfare itself—all these things may be, in Mr. Gladstone's opinion, elements of strength which the England of to-day possesses, as compared with the England of Pitt. We cannot say that they are not; we do not say that they are not. All we say is, that if Mr. Gladstone really thinks that they are, he has the pleasure of being almost alone in his opinion among men of ability and information.

But when Mr. Gladstone was unmuzzled, when it was merry in hall after luncheon, when the company had by the oddest chance in the world "signified that they were ready to drink his health," and so "the restriction was removed," as per compact between Mr. Gladstone and his host, then we had what we believe vulgar people call the fun of the fair. Then the floodgates, the good old floodgates, were opened, and we had Ireland and coercion all over again. Mr. Gladstone was particularly happy over the approval of Home Rule sent by the State of Illinois, which, he said with fine Gladstonian humour, "is, I think, an American State." Now we, too, "think" that Chicago is a not unimportant city in this same State of Illinois. If Mr. Gladstone could spare time (but, unluckily, he never can spare time for anything inconvenient) to read what the Chicago papers say about the Cronin murder, it might shake the approbation with which he regards the unanimity of the Governor, officials, senators, and representatives of that State. But what is to be done with a man who says that "Europe through its permanent literature disapproves of England's treatment of Ireland." What is the "permanent literature" of Europe? Dante, Shakespeare, Molière, Goethe, Cervantes, Camoens, and the works of people like them? Perhaps; but we don't remember much about the wickedness of Mr. Balfour in any of them. On the other hand, how does Mr. Gladstone know that M. Rochefort is going to be permanent literature? You can't argue with a man who uses terms in that way.

But you can argue with a man who speaks as Mr. Gladstone spoke about the West Fife election. In that election, as all men know, Mr. Augustine Birrell, the Gladstonian and Separatist candidate, was returned above Mr. Wemyss, a rather nondescript Unionist candidate, by a majority of about eight hundred. The

local organs of the party avow with great frankness that this majority, though 'twill serve, does not please them at all, and that it ought to have been much more, and so forth. They are quite right. Mr. Birrell had every possible chance on his side. The division is an out-and-out Gladstonian division. Mr. Birrell was jockeyed into the position of Gladstonian candidate by an exceedingly ingenious combination of the local magnate influence (which is nowhere more powerful than in Scotland when it condescends to go cap-in-hand) with other kinds of wire-pulling. He is a Scotchman by extraction, has never made fun of Scotland, has a pretty little reputation for some pretty little essays wherein the button-holing fashions of the day are combined with a nice little taste and knowledge in literature, speaks well, will promise anything that is asked of him. For some considerable time he had the field to himself, and was only opposed at the last moment by a candidate who showed plenty of goodfellowship indeed, and had fair local claims, but who was too late, who scandalized the unco' guid by confessing to attendance at prize-fights, exhibited no very profound knowledge even of the commonplaces of politics, and, above all, tried that old but always fatal game of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds—of professing himself a Unionist, but a real Home Ruler, declaring that he was opposed to Mr. Balfour's policy, and so forth. It is on this last point that Mr. Gladstone pronounces the West Fife election "positively the most satisfactory we have had," though the majority was proportionately small and the abstentions remarkably numerous. Why upon earth, if Fife is sound upon the goose of Home Rule, so many Fifers chose to vote for the spurious instead of the genuine Home Ruler—still more, why upon earth so many refused to vote for either of these candidates, both Home Rulers as they were, is a point on which we should really have liked to hear something from Mr. Gladstone. One thing only we hope, that he will not refuse us some remarks on the Dover election, and will prove, if Mr. George Wyndham is, as we trust, returned unopposed, that Dover is more satisfactory even than Fife. Mr. George Wyndham is only less abhorrent to Gladstonians than the tyrant whose minion he is. Would his unopposed return mean that all the Jacks of Dover, without exception, are fervent Balfourites? The argument that it would is at least as good a one as Mr. Gladstone's about West Fife. But when a man chooses to make two long speeches where one short one not only would have done, but would have been the proper thing, there is, we suppose, nothing else to be expected.

VERDI'S OTELLO.

THE production of Signor Verdi's latest opera by the company of the Milan Scala at the Lyceum last week would have been sufficient to render the musical season of 1889 one of the most important of the last few years, even if the work performed had not been attended with much special interest. Any new opera from the pen of the veteran musician who, whatever may be thought of the peculiarities of his style, is nevertheless the one great operatic composer living, would be sure of a respectful reception in this country, where for years past so many of his earlier works have been as familiar as household words; but the contradictory reports which were spread on the production of *Otello* at Milan in 1887 have aroused a widespread feeling of curiosity in musical circles as to what Signor Verdi's new work would be like. The singular habit which induces some critics to attribute every deviation from old-fashioned forms as an adherence to Wagner's theories caused the idea to get abroad that *Otello* was only an Italian imitation of the German master's Music-Dramas. In a similar fashion a French critic, on the production (in 1863) of that extremely un-Wagnerian work, Bizet's *Pêcheurs de Perles*, condemned it with the simple phrase, "Il y a du Wagner là dedans." The trick is a very simple and effectual way of saving trouble; but, in the case of *Otello*, as in that of Bizet's opera, a little consideration will show that it is entirely unjustified by the facts of the case. In Signor Mazzucato's interesting article on Verdi in Sir George Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, the author takes exception to the classification which has been made of the composer's style into three periods—namely, the first, from *Oberto Conte di San Bonifacio* (produced in 1839) to *Luisa Miller* (1849), the second from *Luisa Miller* to *Don Carlos* (1867), and the third from *Don Carlos* to the *Manzoni Requiem* (1874), the last great work which he produced prior to the appearance of *Otello*. Signor Mazzucato remarks, with much critical acumen, that the changes in Signor Verdi's style, which has developed from the crude vulgarity of *Nabuccodonosor* (1842) to the dramatic intensity and emotion of *Otello*, really represent the refinement of musical feeling which has taken place during the artistic career of the composer, whose language has thus, so to say, become more elevated, because a higher language has become intelligible to his public. The truth of this will be recognized by any one who has really studied the question. During the long period in which Signor Verdi has been before the public operatic music has undergone a change as great as that effected by Gluck at the end of the last century. Rossini, Meyerbeer, Halévy, Wagner, Gounod, Bizet, and Verdi himself have all, in various degrees, had their part in the work; and, even if Wagner's has been the lion's share, it is a mistake to attribute solely to him what is, after all, chiefly the product of

the *Zeitgeist*. In Italy this is especially the case, as a mere comparison of dates will show. From a variety of reasons, chief among which was the growing spirit of nationality, some twenty-five years ago there sprang up in Milan and Bologna a new school of earnest thinkers in various branches of art and literature. Signor Boito's *Mefistofele*—in its present form a very compressed version of a work which was produced at Milan in 1868—is the best known example of the musical productions of this confraternity, though an earlier, if not so markedly original, specimen is to be found in the *Profughi Fiamminghi* of Signor Franco Faccio—the gifted conductor of the present operatic performances at the Lyceum—which was produced so far back as 1863. Verdi, who had even in *Rigoletto* (1851), *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* (1855), *Un Ballo in Maschera* (1859), and *La Forza del Destino* (1862), shown that he was not unaffected by the influences of French grand opera as represented by the school of Meyerbeer, in *Don Carlos* (1867) took a stride in advance and displayed conspicuously the dramatic grip and emotional power which were afterwards developed through *Aida* until they have culminated in the work which is now causing so much interest and curiosity. Now Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*—for his most important theories as to the form of the musical drama were only fully displayed for the first time in that work—was produced at Munich in 1865, the *Meistersinger* following it in 1868, and *Das Rheingold* in 1869, so that it was practically impossible for the later works of the German master at this time to influence appreciably the course upon which the Italian School had entered—a course which has been persevered in not only by composers of such genius as Verdi and Boito, but to a greater or less extent by such lesser lights as Mancinelli, Ponchielli, Catalani, and Franchetti. In minor details, doubtless both Signor Verdi and Signor Boito have, in common with Wagner, employed occasionally similar devices to obtain particular effects; but the whole method of the Italian composers is at variance with that of the German, and in no respect is this more marked than in their writing for the voice. Even Wagner's most fanatical admirers are bound to admit that, in the maze of his wonderful polyphonic orchestral writing, he continually forgets that the human voice has, at least, to speak words, the meaning of which no amount of leading motives on the instruments can supply, and that in consequence his vocal writing is too often painfully trying, both to performers and audience. With Signor Verdi this is never the case. In *Otello* there is no orchestral interweaving of contrasting themes, but the band is throughout kept in its proper place as the accompanist of the voice, emphasizing and illustrating the dramatic situations by sonorous effects and extraordinary variety of colouring, but never, as with Wagner, leaving its proper place and commanding attention as the principal feature of the performance. The point in common which the new Italian School has with Wagner, and which causes superficial critics to class the former among the disciples of the latter, is the paramount importance with which both regard the dramatic situations. This it was which formed the basis of Wagner's reforms, and which led eventually to the "New Art" of Bayreuth, and it is the same feature which is at the root of all the apparent strangeness and novelty of *Otello*. From the first note to the last of the opera, the drama is never for a moment sacrificed to the music, and fortunately for Signor Verdi he has found in Signor Boito a poet who has supplied him with a really admirable libretto, whether it be regarded as a condensed translation of Shakespeare's play or only as a poem to be set to music. *Otello* is not Signor Boito's first essay at Shakspearian opera, for in 1871 he wrote a book on *Hamlet* for Signor Faccio, which was performed at Florence. The selection from Goethe's *Faust*, which forms the libretto of his own *Mefistofele*, and the adaptation of Hugo's *Angelo* (*La Gioconda*), which he wrote for Ponchielli, under the pseudonym of Tobia Gorrio, show that he is as talented a poet as he is a composer. *Otello* is divided into four acts, and Shakespeare's play is followed closely throughout, so much so that in the English version prepared by the late Dr. Hüffer many of the original lines have been included with little difficulty. The dramatic form in which the book is cast is naturally opposed to the old-fashioned lyrical libretto; the set Aria and suchlike conventionalities have been abandoned, and what concerted pieces are retained arise naturally out of the situations, and are not dragged in merely to afford the composer an opportunity of writing taking music. It will be understood, therefore, that those persons who go to hear *Otello* under the impression that they will come away haunted with the tune of some taking song will be disappointed; but, though this is the case, the music is never for a moment anything but melodious, and every page of the score shows signs of its Italian origin. This is, perhaps, one of the most striking features of the work. Signor Verdi's phrases and themes are cast in the same mould which has been used by every Italian composer for the last fifty years, and yet in *Otello* he has managed to turn them to so novel a purpose that they appear with all the charm of freshness. The music is throughout essentially Italian, and such as no other but an Italian could have written; yet, by the extraordinary care and skill with which it has been welded to the drama, the first impression the work produces is one of entire novelty. It will always remain a matter of surprise that Signor Verdi, in his old age, should have retained his powers to such an extent as to produce a work which cannot fail to have a great influence, not only on the composers of his own country, but also wherever it is performed. Opinions will probably differ

as to whether the direction it gives to Italian opera is either legitimate or likely to be of enduring success; but no step in advance has ever been taken in artistic matters without provoking opposition, and the mere fact that a man of Signor Verdi's age and reputation should think it right to appear before the world as the champion of the party of operatic progress, should go far to make those who cannot at first appreciate his work at least think twice before condemning it. It would be absurd to deny that *Otello* is without blemishes. The second and fourth acts are much the best, and the third—with the exception of the admirable scene between Otello, Iago, and Cassio—is much the weakest. The nearest approach to failure in the whole work is the long ensemble in the third act; but the reason of this is very apparent, as the librettist has attempted to incorporate in it Iago's plot with Roderigo—an incident which, having an important bearing upon the climax of the drama, has to be brought into a prominence which is fatal to the proper balance of the music. The fourth act throughout is a masterpiece; nothing more pathetic has been seen on the operatic stage for a long time. With one exception, it is possible to speak of the performance at the Lyceum with almost unqualified satisfaction. Signor Tamagno, the Otello, who appears in England for the first time, comes with a very high Continental reputation. His voice in the upper register is certainly superb, and his acting throughout may almost be compared to that of Salvini, upon whose reading of the part it is evidently based. Unfortunately, his singing is marred by the vicious tremolo which ruins most Italian vocalists in these days; his lower register is also so weak and limited that the tones he produces in it hardly seem as if they proceeded from the same voice as the magnificent rich sounds which he produces in his upper register. M. Maurel, the Iago, is absolutely perfect, whether regarded as an actor or a singer. His delivery of the soliloquy "Credo in un Dio crudele," in the second act, and his facial expression and by-play throughout the whole work, deserve to be studied merely as a piece of acting; while his superb voice and admirable method make it a rare pleasure to listen to him. The minor characters are extremely well filled throughout; but the one blot upon the performance is the Desdemona of Signora Cattaneo, which is altogether unworthy of the surroundings. Neither in appearance, acting, nor singing is she at all fitted for the part. Her vocalization is full of all the worst defects of the Italian School, and it is painful to listen to the open sounds which she produces, accompanied almost incessantly by the horrible tremolo. The ideal Desdemona has not yet been found in Italy; indeed, it is difficult to fix upon any singer now before the public who would be entirely satisfactory in the part. Mme. Nilsson at her prime would have been admirable; failing her, Mme. Albani is almost the only prima donna who could do justice to it. Both chorus and orchestra are altogether excellent; such playing as that under Signor Faccio's able conductorship is rarely heard in any opera house. The only drawback to its proper appreciation is that the Lyceum is too small a house for the performance to produce the effect it would have in a larger space. The orchestra—though only a portion of that employed at the Scala—is too large for the theatre, and both chorus and soloists, accustomed to the vast expanse of the Milan Opera House, seem cramped by the size of the stage. It seems a pity that the performances cannot be transferred to Her Majesty's Theatre, where the size of the stage and of the auditorium would be much more suited to the scale of the performance.

TWO INSURANCE CASES.

LAST week two decisions were given—one by the House of Lords, the other by the Court of Appeal—which are of interest to insurance Companies and policy-holders. The former is, perhaps, more curious than important, though it settles a question of principle of very considerable interest. The New York Life Insurance Company is a mutual Company, having its head office in New York and a branch office in the City of London. It has no shares and no shareholders, the holders of participating policies being the members of the Company. They are responsible for all its liabilities, and they are entitled to all its assets. Besides participating policies, the Company issues ordinary or non-participating policies, and it also sells annuities. But neither the ordinary policy-holders nor the annuitants are members of the Company. They have no vote at its proceedings, are not liable for its debts, and are not entitled to share in its profits. So far, then, as the dealings with the ordinary policy-holders and the annuitants are concerned, there is no question that the Company carries on an ordinary trading business, and what gains it makes are profits properly liable to Income-tax. But the Company contended that it was not liable to pay Income-tax on the bonuses granted to the participating policy-holders—that is, to the members of the Company themselves. The Surveyor of Taxes brought the matter before the Commissioners, who were of opinion that the surplus paid in bonuses did not constitute profits or gains, but was merely the result of an excess of contributions over expenditure; and they held that, therefore, the appellants were not liable to be assessed for the Income-tax. The Surveyor of Taxes required the Commissioners to state a case for the opinion of the Queen's Bench Division. The case was duly heard before Mr. Justice Stephen and Mr. Justice Wills, who gave judgment in favour of the Crown. From this decision there was an appeal to the Court of

Appeal; and, after an argument before the Master of the Rolls, Lord Justice Fry, and Lord Justice Lopes, the decision of the Queen's Bench Division was confirmed. Then there was an appeal to the House of Lords; and on Monday of last week the decision of the two Courts below was reversed, and judgment was given, with costs, in favour of the Company. Lord Watson, Lord Bramwell, and Lord Herschell were for reversing the decision; the Lord Chancellor and Lord Fitzgerald being for confirming the decision of the Courts below. The case has excited a good deal of interest and comment; firstly, because the Lords were so nearly divided, two being of one opinion and three of the other; secondly, because their decision overrules judgments given by the Queen's Bench Division and the Court of Appeal; and, thirdly, because, at first sight, the ruling of the House of Lords seems to be directly in conflict with a previous decision of the same House, which was to the effect that proprietary insurance Companies are liable to pay Income-tax on bonuses. It appears to us, however, that there is no real inconsistency between the decision given last week and that in *Last's* case, to which we have just been referring. And, further, if there is no such inconsistency, the division of opinion in the House of Lords, and the fact that the judgment of the two Courts below has been overruled, do not go to weaken *Last's* decision as much as at first sight may appear, inasmuch as the minority of the Lords and the two Courts below expressly based their judgment on the assumption that the decision in *Last's* case governed the case before them.

As stated above, there was no dispute that the Company was liable to pay Income-tax on all profits arising out of the Company's dealings with the ordinary policy-holders and with annuitants. The question at issue was whether the bonuses granted to the participating policy-holders were or were not profits in the meaning of the Income-tax Acts. It will be borne in mind that the participating policy-holders are the only members of the Company. The practice is for the officers of the Company to estimate at the beginning of the year the probable expenses of all kinds during the year, and to fix the premiums payable by the participating policy-holders in accordance with the estimate. When the year has ended and the accounts are made up, if there is a deficiency, the participating policy-holders have to make it good; if there is a surplus, part of the surplus is put by as reserve, and the remainder is distributed as bonuses to the participating policy-holders, either by increasing the policy ultimately to be paid or by diminishing the premiums of future years. The Company argued that the bonuses, so distributed, are not profits, but that they are excessive contributions made by the members of the Company, to the return of which they are entitled by the constitution of the Company. The case for the Crown was, of course, that the bonuses do constitute profits, and therefore are liable to the Income-tax. It appears to us that the majority of the Lords were right in deciding in favour of the Company; for surely it is not reasonable to hold that a body of men can trade with themselves and make profits out of that trading. The participating policy-holders, when we look at the matter closely, are an association of persons for the purpose of insuring their own lives on the cheapest terms consistent with solvency. If the officers of the Company, out of too much caution, call for excessive contributions, the excess surely cannot be regarded as profits. But it was argued, whether this be so or not, the decision in *Last's* case is conclusive. The facts of that case were as follows:—The London Assurance Corporation is a proprietary office—that is to say, it has shareholders who carry on an insurance business with all having insurable lives for the sake of profit. It grants both participating and ordinary policies, and it grants both not only to the outside public but to its own shareholders. The bulk of the policy-holders, however, are not members of the Company. Here, therefore, there were clearly two different bodies of people, one carrying on an insurance business with the other and making profits upon the transactions. There was no dispute, of course, that the profits retained by the shareholders were liable to Income-tax. But it was part of the contract with the participating policy-holders that two-thirds of the profits should be returned to those participating policy-holders. The question was whether the returns so made, the bonuses as they are called, are profits of the Company, and, therefore, liable to Income-tax. It was contended for the Company that they are not profits, that they are an expenditure made for the purpose of attracting business. But the majority of the House of Lords held that the true view was that the whole surplus was profits, and that the Company had agreed to share part of those profits with the participating policy-holders; therefore, that the Company was liable to pay Income-tax upon the whole surplus. We venture to think that this is a wrong view, that the bonuses are really given for the purpose of attracting business, and therefore are expenditure and not participation in profits. But, however that may be, it is quite clear that there is a broad distinction between bonuses given to members of a Company and bonuses given to outside policy-holders, and, consequently, it does not follow that the decision in *Last's* case governs the case of the New York Life Insurance Company.

The second case was of more importance to all who hold policies and intend to assure. A Mrs. Jarvis insured her life for a thousand pounds in April 1887, and died the following July. On the form of proposal signed by her there was a condition that if statements made by her were untrue the policy should be null and void. The Company set up a defence against paying the policy that several

of these statements were untrue. She had stated that a Dr. Griffiths had attended her eighteen months before for a confinement, whereas that gentleman said that he had attended her about fourteen months before, not for a confinement, but for general ill health. She also added that she had an attack of yellow jaundice two years ago, and it was alleged that the attack was more recent. She further stated that she was of temperate habits, that her general health was good, and that she was used to much exercise. But evidence was called to show that she suffered from alcoholic paralysis and enlargement of the liver from excessive drinking. Lastly, it was alleged that a person named as a reference by Mrs. Jarvis did not exist. In fact, the case of the Company was that a conspiracy had been entered into between Mrs. Jarvis and their own agent at Cardiff to defraud the Company. The insurance had been effected without the knowledge of the husband, but as soon as he discovered that it had been made, he took steps to recover the policy. And it may be added that he swore that his wife was of temperate habits. The case was tried at Cardiff, before Mr. Justice Cave and a special jury, and the judge reported that he approved of the verdict, which was against the Company. There was an appeal to the Divisional Court to set aside the verdict and order a new trial. But, though there was some difference between the two judges, the verdict was ultimately sustained; and then the case was carried up to the Court of Appeal. Lord Esher, giving judgment, said that they were asked to set aside the verdict of a special jury approved of by the judge. It required a very strong case indeed to comply with such a request. They would be bound to do so if the Company could show that the statements were substantially untrue and the verdict perverse. But it was clear that the verdict was not perverse, and the statements were to a large extent at least substantially true. The woman admitted that she had had jaundice, she gave correctly the name of her medical attendant, and as for the alleged drinking there was a strong body of evidence to disprove it, and it was for the jury to decide which evidence was to be believed. It was suspicious, no doubt, that the referee could not be found, but it had not been proved that he did not exist. On the other hand, it was a weak point in the Company's case that they did not call their own agent who drew up the declaration and specified the reference. Upon the whole, therefore, the verdict was sustained, and, as we think, very properly so.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE great show at Paris surpasses anything that has yet been done in the way of exhibitions. An undertaking so vast and so successfully carried out answers those who would insinuate that the French have lost their spirit and their enterprise. If there is any bad side to the Paris Exhibition, it is the fatigue of seeing it. That one must feel exhausted is inevitable; but, perhaps, more might have been done to lessen the troubles of the sightseer. We must suppose that a person comes to an international exhibition with some definite purpose, that he wishes to study some special product of industry or to compare the net efforts of various countries. You may therefore mass all the arts and industries of each country in separate divisions, so that the visitor embraces the whole output of a country in one section; or you may class the exhibits in sections according to the nature of the industry. According to the first system, you would have sections classed by countries, with subsections of the different branches of industry; according to the second, you would have sections classed by production and subsections by countries. Neither of these systems has been absolutely followed, though the general arrangement of the Exhibition inclines to classification by industries. A railway of narrow gauge on the Decauville pattern spares the visitor the fatigue of walking from the main centre of the Champ de Mars to the annexe of the Place des Invalides. Those who have delayed their visit to Paris have done well; for the Exhibition has not yet got into working order, many exhibits are yet to come, and many catalogues are yet to be printed. Unfortunately this is the case even in the art section, with which we are at present chiefly concerned. On the 18th of June one or two pictures were still being hung, and the catalogues of the ten years and hundred years of art remained unprinted, and most probably unfinished. The undone, however, is a mere drop in the bucket to the achieved, and the incompleteness only annoys those who wish to go thoroughly into some special branch. A general view of the show, and of the art section in particular, justifies the supremacy which has been accorded to France in this century, as far as the fine arts are concerned. Even the Eiffel Tower, which has been so much disparaged, seems well suited to its place and purpose. The iron work, as it is extremely light and airy, disassociates itself entirely from the buildings of Paris. It seems no other than the acme or spire of the Exhibition buildings, and has no tendency to dwarf the town. Approaching from the Trocadéro one is struck by an immense view of the domes of the Central Court seen through the arches of the tower. These domes themselves are real works of art. Iron has never been used so successfully as an element of architecture. The work is flat, light, and suitably coloured, and, from the points of view of ornament and construction, this is the way to use the material. The golden-brown middle dome and the light-blue dome of the Division of Fine Arts are enough to show that iron work need not be spidery, tortured, and

suggestive of the shed, the conservatory, and the railway station.

When you enter the central dome of the Fine Arts Division you come on the exhibition of a hundred years of French art. The sculpture is on the ground floor, the painting upstairs. It was hardly to be expected that a perfectly full view could be given of all the art of the century. Some men of secondary importance are omitted, and the largest and best works of some great men must still be seen elsewhere. For instance, the great landscape by Rousseau, "Le Radeau de la Méduse" by Géricault, and the "Prise de Constantinople par les Croisés" by Delacroix, remain in the Louvre. Now these pictures happen to be the show efforts of their authors. It is particularly so in the case of Géricault, and almost no less so in the case of Delacroix, who never combined to such purpose in any other canvas the qualities of lofty general design, noble subject, gorgeous colour, and some sense of form. A general view of the pictures under the dome proves that canvases go through their fading very greatly in the first fifty years. After coming out of the modern sections a general yellow-brown hue of old mastery seems to pervade this gallery. It embraces more or less every one except Claude Monet. Even Manet and Bastien-Lepage seem mellowed with a gentle touch of age, and a portrait of a lady with a dog, painted in 1870 by Carolus Duran, has gone down several degrees. Popular acclamation has not been wrong in assigning the foremost places in art during the past hundred years to Corot and Millet. Each struck a new and most personal note among their contemporaries; and their works have not yet been surpassed as effective combinations of art and nature. We see here some of their best pictures amongst the work of their contemporaries, immediate forerunners and successors, in fact, amongst pictures by Ingres, David, Géricault, Delacroix, P. Huet, Rousseau, Cabat, Flers, E. Isabey, Troyon, Decamps, Diaz, Courbet, Couture, Henner, Vollon, &c. No one seems to have used art with so much feeling for the thing expressed as these men. With Millet gesture is intimate and true—a hand sews, you feel the tension of the thread; a man digs, you feel the resistance of the ground and the strain on his muscles. Millet was not content to rival Michael Angelo in the awe-inspiring grandeur of his silhouettes; he must also convey many truths of the new scenes he undertook to treat with this dignified decoration. Corot is the sublimation of the late Romantic School, and he is also the author and master of modern open-air art. He may be seen there in numerous figure works, and still more numerous landscapes. Here, too, are the pictures of those other innovators in landscape—P. Huet, C. Roqueplan, Flers, and Théodore Rousseau; and of the later batch, Diaz, Dupré, Courbet, Daubigny, Jacque, Français, Troyon, Chintreuil, &c. Study of this school, mainly a landscape one, leads us to think that it, rather than the great figure-painters of Romanticism, determined the course of modern art. The large figure-pictures illustrative of the struggles and tendencies of the earlier part of the century are David's "Coronation of Napoleon," Ingres's "Jupiter and Thetis" and "St. Symphonien," Gros's "Departure of Louis XVIII. from the Tuileries," Géricault's "Chasseur de la Garde," Delacroix's "Le 23 Juillet 1830" and "La Bataille de Taillebourg," Delacroix's "Cromwell and Charles I." Bouchot's "18 Brumaire," H. Flandrin's "Christ and the Children" and "Dante and Virgil," H. Vernet's "Prise de Constantine," and Couture's "Romains de la décadence." On the one hand we must put David, Ingres, and Flandrin as representing what is called the classic school of stiff and dry convention, on the other Gros, Géricault, Delacroix, Delacroix, Bouchot, and Vernet as men who began to seek the more natural beauties and interests of life. David, as might be expected from an inventor, shows the most natural feeling of the three classicists; and Flandrin is both less stiff and more solemn than his master, Ingres. To us of to-day the innovators scarcely appear to have gone far in the direction of naturalism. They turned from one form of old mastery to another and freer sort; and we feel this in spite of Gros's admirable study of candlelight, and still more admirable study of facial expression, and Delacroix's riot of colour, confusion of composition, and courageous use of tile-hats and trousers. As for Couture, in this great canvas painted in 1847, he stands apart; he is equally far from Ingres and from Delacroix. He comprehended the classic in art differently from David and in a manner more suited to the qualities of paint and the traditions of the sixteenth century. With Gleyre he initiated a new classicism, and succeeded in the "Decadence" in leaving the most splendid piece of decoration of the century. The most notable things in the second part of this century are Courbet's "Casseurs de pierre" (1850), a common incident conceived in a new style of grandeur not unlike Millet's; P. Baudry's flat decorative panel, "A Nymph" (1862); Henner's "Byblis" (1867), quite prophetic of his present style; Manet's still luminous and fresh "En Bateau" (1867); H. Regnault's stately "Marshal Prim" (1869), one of the few modern works that recalls the Old Masters; Falguière's noble and poetic realism "The Wrestlers" (1875); Duez's Manet-like picture of a lady amongst rhododendron trees; pictures by P. de Chavannes, Carolus-Duran, Bonnat, Cazin, Detaille, De Neuville, Yvon, Fantin Latour, G. Moreau, Elie Delaunay, Roll, Claude Monet, and, finally, many of the works of Bastien-Lepage. Passing from Corot, Millet, and 1830 to later times, one feels the originality and first-hand interest of work by Henner, Carolus-Duran, and Manet. Their influence has been and will be felt in art. Manet, Monet, Duez, Roll, and Bastien-

Lepage have all done much for the *plein-air* movement which to-day counts so many followers; but to Manet belongs the chief credit of its initiation. To-day his pictures stand comparison for real open-air feeling with those of Monet; beside his "En Bateau," "Joan of Arc," and even "The Potato Gatherers" of Bastien-Lepage, seem like tortured patterns in dry leather; while his "Le Bon Bock" and man reading, with their superb and solid breadth of handling, come as near a Rembrandt as any modern heads. Bastien-Lepage had great powers of observation and much sentiment; but he had a narrow vision, and was by no means naturally an impressionist.

As this collection of pictures comes down to 1878, works by many of the artists just spoken of—such as Bonnat, Carolus Duran, Henner, E. Delaunay, J. C. Cazin, Roll, Duez, Jacque, Français, Harpignies, Dupré, and Cabat—are to be found both in the ancient and modern divisions of the exhibition. The portraits of M. Carolus-Duran make one of the most undoubted triumphs of the modern sections. We question whether any portraits more thorough or more distinguished have been painted in this century than his "M. Pasteur," which was hung in last year's Academy; his "Louis Français," from the Salon of 1888; and his "Mme. la Comtesse V—," from that of 1879. Yet MM. Delannay, Bonnat, and P. Dubois are represented by portraits of such high merit that it seems somewhat rash to say that anything surpasses them. The luminousness and the superbly broad and old-masterlike style of portraits such as these fully justify Europe in sitting at the feet of France during the past forty years. That country and her pupils, meaning every country but England, continue to exercise themselves in the large figure-canvas, sometimes with a decorative, sometimes with a realistic aim. Amongst those who go in for realistic form and atmospheric envelopment, M. Aimé Morot takes a high place with his vast charge of cuirassiers, "Reischaffen," and M. Gervex with his interiors "Rolla" and "Les membres du jury du Salon de Peinture." The aspect of these interiors, with their clear, high-toned grey employed in broad even masses, is one that has been much sought for by French artists and those under their influence. Hospital scenes, for instance, by M. A. Brouillet, in the French section, and by M. Jimenez in the Spanish, are two amongst many. MM. Roll and Fourié are bold, open-air realists on a large scale; while MM. Bramtot, Cormon, and L. A. Girardot rather lean to decoration or poetical sentiment. Many painters have endeavoured to enliven the even, grey atmospheric style above mentioned, and to express the vibration of light and sunshine by suggesting contrasts of complementary colour in subordination to the masses. The style requires facility in drawing and brushing, as well as a real feeling for light; for it becomes abominable when produced mechanically. M. Besnard succeeds wonderfully at times, and especially in "Une femme nue qui se chauffe," in which modelling is marvellously conveyed in the midst of the loose effacing shimmer of light. MM. Carrière, Dagnan-Bouveret, J. Béraud, Raffaelli, Maurice Eliot, Montenard, Damoye, Duez, and Boudin are amongst those who make a fine study of light from different points of view in landscape or in figure. Admirable landscape of a severely classic sort comes from MM. Français and Harpignies. MM. Busson, Bernier, Hanoteaux, J. Binet, J. Breton, Defaux Delpy, and others paint in the solid, clear, grey style of ordinary French landscape. M. Pelouse draws landscape superbly, and his handling is quite unequalled in cleverness. M. Jules Dupré and Pointelin are Romanticists of the old school. The Dutchmen—J. Maris Mauve and others—follow more or less in this tradition. Mr. Kroyer, in the Danish section, and Mr. Sargent in the American, treat real light with as much brio, truth, and real feeling as any one. As to our own country, if its show of painting produces a general effect of feebleness and fumbling, we can console ourselves in the manifest originality of a few painters like Messrs. Watts, Burne-Jones, Whistler, J. C. Hook, and Sir F. Leighton. The works of the extreme section of impressionists are best seen in the Café Volpini, behind the picture galleries. Some of them are remarkably vivid and true, but the majority may be taken along with the dancers in the Javanese village as an entertainment more interesting than natural to Europeans.

NOTES FROM THE ZOO—THE COCOS-NUT CRAB.

AMONG the additions to the menagerie during the month of June is a Cocos-nut crab—*Birgus latro*—which was presented to the Society on the 14th of the month, and is "new to the collection." It is officially described as from "India," a vague, and in our opinion unsatisfactory, description of its habitat. It can be seen in the Insect-house, where it is kept in a large glass case. It is a land-crab belonging to the same family—Anomura, or irregular-tailed crabs—as the hermit-crabs, a family which forms the connecting link between the crabs and lobsters. This species grows to a large size. The carapace has been well described as being "somewhat in the form of a reversed heart, with the apex pointing forward." The first pair of legs are armed with strong toothed pincers, or knob-claws, the left being larger than the right; the second and third pairs terminate in single nails; while the fourth and fifth have pincers, but they are small and very weak—in fact, the fifth pair of legs may almost be described as rudimentary. Its colour is most peculiar, and was well described by a lady we overheard at the Zoo as being exactly the tint of a pickling cabbage. Its appearance is far from prepossessing; indeed

it is no exaggeration to say that it is as evil-looking and uncanny a creature as can be found in the Gardens.

Darwin, who describes these crabs as being found on coral islands, saw them in large numbers on Keeling Island, and the following are extracts from his extremely interesting account of them. He says:—"Keeling Island has no quadruped excepting the pig, and no vegetable in quantity excepting the cocoanut. On it the pigs, which are loaded with fat, almost entirely subsist, as likewise do the poultry and ducks. Even a huge land-crab is furnished by nature with a curious instinct and form of legs to open and feed upon this same fruit. It is very common on all parts of the dry land, and grows to a monstrous size . . . It would at first be thought quite impossible for a crab to open a strong cocoanut covered with the husk; but Mr. Leisk, one of the two British residents, assures me he has repeatedly seen the operation effected. The crab begins by tearing the husk, fibre by fibre, and always from that end under which the eye-holes are situated. When this is completed the crab commences hammering with its heavy claws on one of those eye-holes till an opening is made; then, turning round its body, by the aid of its posterior pair of narrow pincers it extracts the white albuminous substance. I think this is as curious a case of instinct as ever I heard of, and likewise of adaptation in structure between two objects apparently so remote from each other in the scheme of nature as a crab and a cocoanut-tree." He further tells us that these crabs visit the sea every night, no doubt for the purpose of moistening their branchiæ; that the young are hatched and live for some time on the coast; and that they "inhabit deep burrows, which they excavate beneath the roots of the cocoanut-trees, and here they accumulate surprising quantities of the picked fibres of the cocoanut-husk, on which they rest as on a bed. The Malays sometimes take advantage of their labour by collecting the coarse fibrous substance and using it as junk."

These crabs are alleged by the natives to climb cocoanut-trees in the night to get the cocoanuts—a story which was believed by both Linnæus and Cuvier, but of which Darwin wrote, "I very much doubt the possibility of this." However, Cuming, who found them "sufficiently abundant" in Lord Hood's Island in the Pacific, stated that they climbed *Pandanus odoratissimus*—the Screw-pine—for the purpose of feeding on the small nuts that grow on it, and that he had seen them in the trees; and, no doubt, some species of *Anomoura* are great climbers. However this may be, there is little doubt that the only cocoanuts they eat are those which have fallen to the ground. Cuming also tells us that "when he met them in his road they set themselves up in a threatening attitude, and then retreated backwards, making both at first and afterwards a great snapping with their pincers." These crabs are said to be excellent eating when properly prepared, and under the tail of the larger ones there is a great mass of fat which, when melted, sometimes yields as much as a quart of limpid oil.

The specimen now in the Zoo is, as we have said, kept in a large glass case, the bottom of which is covered for a considerable thickness with moist sandy gravel, in which it delights to burrow, making as deep a hole as possible to rest in. It is fed on bananas, four or five of which are given to it every evening, and all of which, as the keeper informs us, have invariably disappeared by the morning. It appears to attract but little attention from the general visitors to the Insect-house, but few of whom are apparently aware that it is not only new to the collection, but also a rare and very interesting animal.

THE LATE FRANZ THIMM.

SHAKSPEARIAN literature has sustained an important loss this past week in the death of Mr. Franz Thimm, an Austrian by birth, but long since naturalized an Englishman. Mr. Thimm came over to this country when quite a youth, late in the first half of the century, and established himself as a foreign bookseller and publisher. His first important work was *The Literature of Germany from its Earliest Period to the Present Day*, a very useful manual for students, which deserved to be better known, the opening chapters on the legends and folklore of the German peoples being exceptionally well compiled. Some years later, when he had obtained a more perfect knowledge of our language, Mr. Thimm devoted himself to Shakspearian literature with great earnestness. He was constantly to be found at the British Museum making researches, or attending the numerous meetings of the many Shakspearian Societies, whose work and very existence are scarcely known to the general public. About fifteen years ago Mr. Thimm published the first volume of his great work, *Shakspeariana from 1564 to 1871*, which contains an almost complete list and account of every work written in Europe on Shakspeare, and matter connected with him or his plays, in the last three hundred years. It is an almost indispensable *va de mecum* to the Shakspearian student as a work of reference, and it is a fortunate circumstance that the concluding volume, left in manuscript, was completely finished a few months before the author's death. Independently of this curious work, which is the result of many years' study and research, Mr. Thimm devoted much time to completing the collections of Shakspeariana in the British Museum, Birmingham Free Library, the Memorial Library at Stratford-on-Avon, and the Boston Library. He was in active correspondence with most

of the leading students of our great national poet both at home and abroad; but was—as, by the way, is often the case with literary specialists—even better known in America and in Germany than at home. Whenever there was a disputed point in connexion with Shakspeare and his rather obscure biography, Mr. Thimm was invariably applied to in order to help to settle the question, and his erudition on such occasions was only surpassed by his invariable courtesy. When a few months ago the Baconian theory was revived, Mr. Thimm took deep interest in the proceedings, and, although his contempt for the Baconians was almost tragic in its intensity, nevertheless he never permitted his prejudices to carry away his reason, and he was successful in convincing several eminent Baconians of the errors of their ways. Not less interesting was this scholarly man as a student of Goethe; but his voluminous manuscripts on this great poet and his works have not yet been published, although he frequently read long extracts from them at public meetings. Mr. Thimm was a remarkable linguist, speaking fluently seven modern languages, and he was likewise well versed in Arabic and Hebrew. During the past year his health had failed him considerably; but up to within a few weeks of his death he continued his Shakspearian researches and corrected the manuscripts of his work already mentioned.

THE OPERA.

THE admirable performance of *Faust* at Covent Garden last week lost some of its interest through the absence of Mme. Albani from a remarkably strong cast, which included the brothers De Reszke and M. Lassalle. Though the Marguerite of Mme. Albani is not in any respect an ideal creation, it is not one which can for one moment be adequately replaced by the rendering of Miss Macintyre. This gifted singer seems to be out of all sympathy with the character of Marguerite, and her performance was not only inadequate, as might have been expected under the circumstances, but it showed absolutely no promise, and was so far satisfactory that it left no vain regrets of unfulfilled possibilities in the minds of the audience. She exhibited a certain correct rigidity of style, the result, perhaps, of a too careful study of the part, which was particularly noticeable in the difficult Jewel scene in the third act. In the last two acts, notably in the Church scene, however, her stiffness wore off to some extent and her singing improved considerably. For some reason which is not clear, the scene was mounted as an interior instead of an exterior, without any apparent advantage. The presence of Mephistopheles inside the church is not readily accounted for, and the scornful attitude assumed by the town girls as they pass out cannot be rendered so effectively or so realistically as when the scene is played as an exterior. If Miss Macintyre failed to give a satisfactory presentment of Marguerite, M. Edouard de Reszke surpassed himself. It is impossible to exaggerate the artistic merit of his performance as Mephistopheles, which must be witnessed several times in order to be fully appreciated. A striking example of his fertility of resource has been pointed out by an observant critic, who has drawn attention to his entrance in the Garden scene, towards the close of the third act. After the exit of Marguerite towards the pavilion he enters from the back of the stage, marking every note with a step forwards. Here he has no doubt seized the true meaning of the composer. In the scene with Valentine at the conclusion of the second act the zeal of the students in threatening the fiend with their cross-handled sword-hilts rather interfered with the effect. Mephistopheles was so hemmed in that he lost his wonted dignity of carriage and seemed, for the moment, more like the baffled villain of melodrama than the Prince of Darkness. Of M. Jean de Reszke's almost ideal Faust it is needless to say more than has often been said.

An impression, which we sincerely hope is limited to a single individual, seems to exist that the brothers De Reszke are in the habit of exchanging parts, each one playing Faust and Mephistopheles alternately. The mistake is amusing enough; and it perhaps helps to explain the unfortunate position of opera in this country. The musical education of a person who supposes that a tenor can change parts with a *basse chantante* must have been remarkable. It is more remarkable that such a person should inform a less instructed friend on musical matters, in audible tones, during the performance of some of the most sublime passages in Gounod's opera.

LENA.

IF Mme. Sarah Bernhardt had never played any other part but that of Lena, her performance in that part alone would have marked her as an actress of the very first rank, if not, as in some sense, the greatest living actress. This is, of course, a paradox, for no actress without long and arduous training could possibly play as Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has played certain scenes of *Lena*. Again, the reservation given above is necessary, because no perfect artist—that is, no artist that cared to be perfect all through a play—could or would neglect so entirely as Mme. Bernhardt did more than a good half of the part assigned her. It is contended by some critics that a player who finds one half of a part a

thankless task, and sees in the other half the chance of making, by giving all attention to it, an overwhelming success, is not to be blamed for neglecting the otiose portion of his or her part, and reserving all his or her powers for a second portion, which even in the hands of an inferior player would prove, to say the least, effective. We have no hesitation in laying it down as a canon that this contention is absolutely opposed to all true notions of art. The trick—we will not call it a method—is not unknown on the operatic stage, is not unknown even in plastic art, but it is one very far beneath what should be the scope of so great an actress as Mme. Bernhardt.

As a matter of fact, Mme. Bernhardt loitered and gabbled through the first two acts of *Lena*. She is a mistress of diction, and she spoke not a word, except sometimes her cues, which could be understood; she is a mistress of action, and she now forced, now neglected, the gesture and byplay necessary for the carrying on of the piece. For instance, in the snatching away of the letter in the first act her behaviour was like that of a Jack-in-the-box wound up from immobility to frantic action. Not the less was it worth while to endure the weary and monotonous loquacity of the first two acts for the sake of the extraordinary acting which Mme. Bernhardt was good enough to display in the last two acts. This may conceivably be rivalled, but certainly can never be surpassed. The actress's byplay in the scene where she listens to a boy's unaffected story of sincere, devoted love was an absolute masterpiece; and there should be noted especially the subtle, almost intangible, suggestion that her emotion in hearing his story was but the reflection of her own entrancing and for once unsullied love for the man she wants to marry.

Equally fine, as the only possible ending to such a scene, was the sudden freezing of her manner when she was compelled to answer this passionate appeal. A word of distinct praise is due to the young actor who at this juncture made one of the most difficult and one of the best exits we have ever seen. As to the end of this, the third act, the experienced playgoer and critic might well say to himself, "What can an actress make of the old, old story of a man saying to a woman who has her place to regain, 'Can you love me?' and her answering, 'Je t'adore!'?" Here one can only say seeing is believing. Mme. Bernhardt informs this ancient reply with a new voice, a new gesture, a new intonation, a new passion, and that passion of the highest kind, which literally bring the dead words to life. The great actress's performance of the last act has been described again and again with various qualities of "word-painting," and therefore we need not now insist too much on the extraordinary excellence of the pantomime in the highest and truest sense of the word, during the whole scene which leads up to the catastrophe. To some it may sound flippant to say that all this is a feat of which Mr. Martinetti himself might be proud. Yet it is true. The greatest of histrionic art must depend largely on pantomime, rightly understood—that is, on facial expression or emotion conveyed by walk, by movement of the head and arms, without a word spoken. In this art, in this scene, Mme. Bernhardt has thus far overtopped the topmost. What follows this succeeds in the combining with this extraordinary pantomimic art a depth or height of tragedy and tenderness which may never have been reached before in an absolutely silent scene. The end of this scene is, we have no hesitation in saying, as moving a thing as ever has been seen upon the stage. But for the actress's extraordinary command of her art, it would become simply painful. As it is, only the deepest pity is aroused for the woman who, overcome by the power of the drug which she has drunk, yet tries with all the soul that lives in a dying body to answer her husband's despairing cry from outside the door locked by herself. Acting cannot go further than this.

THE BULL-BULL'S FAREWELL.

IN Fleet Street, ere the night to noon had worn,
I heard one crying with a voice forlorn:
"To-day and yesterday were full of Shah,
Will there be more of him to-morrow morn?"

There is an end of all things. Roses bloom
To fade, and beauty ripens for the tomb;
The nightingale is hushed at last; and kings
Cannot expect an everlasting boom.

"Enough," the sages say, "has always been
As good as any feast that e'er was seen."
But this sensation has been done to death,
And thou thyself must feel it, Nasr-ed-din.

Have we not writ enough (in Eastern taste)
Of the great emerald that adorns thy waist?
Has not the diamond lion in thy cap
Blazed oft enough in literary paste?

Not better could the armourer who laughed
With the sheer joy of artist in his craft
To shape thy serpent-hilted scimitar
Reckon than we the rubies in its haft.

We know thy trick of Oriental calm;
We know thy light, indifferent salaam;
Thy curiously fastened spectacles
We know as well—as well as our Khayyam.

Have we not closely studied each remark
Let fall by thee since thou didst disembark?
Not watched thee wondering at our crowded streets,
Or putting on the pot at Kempton Park?

Have we not flashed upon the lightning's wings
Thy observations upon men and things?
Do we not know thy views on English ways,
Arts, climate, horses, women, King of Kings?

Nay, have we not so oft compared thy State
With his whom Hellas collared at her gate
That every shadow seems to us the ghost
Of Xerxes, rising to expostulate?

And have we not at last run wholly through
Our scraps of Sadi and of Hafiz too?
Are not our miserable brains a whirl
Of Hadji-Baba and of Montesquieu?

In vain we beat our brows, in vain we cry
For more new adjectives; none makes reply:
Only the spirit voice within the breast
Whispers, "The fount of adjectives is dry."

Successor of Darius! well we know
That thou must see the entire and perfect show;
And yet, methinks, it will not break thy heart
When there shall come at last thy time to go.

REVIEWS.

LIFE AND LITERARY REMAINS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD.*

THE name of Edward FitzGerald first became known to a very small circle of readers when his version of Omar Khayyam grew fashionable. Published in 1859, the *Rubaiyat* very slowly flowered into a popularity rather intense than wide. There was a kind of freemasonry in the little book, and its admirers were inclined to swear eternal friendship. There is a story of an Englishman and an American, strangers to each other, who were involved together in some uncomfortable accident of travel. The Briton was inclined, for his own lordly reasons, to dislike and despise the American. "When shall we get out of this?" he muttered, half to himself; and the American, also half to himself, quoted, "He knows! He knows!" The pair then recognized each other as kindred souls, and brothers in Omar Khayyam. In America the tract was much more popular than at home. It used to bring young persons together, and proved a Galeotto to youths and maidens who

Knew that their intentions
Were absolutely right.

In America, too, the *Rubaiyat* were illustrated, by Mr. Vedder, in a manner not equally pleasing to all tastes; for the only way to illustrate Omar is by arabesques of roses and nightingales on some "sweet-scented manuscript."

Omar made FitzGerald's literary fortune, a fortune which he was never at any pains to seek. Perhaps no literary success was ever gained in such a curious, casual way. FitzGerald had a habit, with which we cannot sympathize, of making perversions of foreign and classical poetry. The most astonishing examples are his *Edipous in Thebes* and *Edipous in Athens*. These are not translations so much as very free adaptations in verse, commonly blank, but casually rhyming, of the Sophoclean masterpieces. The choruses, in quite a different tone of voice, are taken direct from a translator of the last century, "Old Potter." The whole result strikes us as being neither one thing nor another; not a Greek drama, not a modern drama, not a thing of to-day, of yesterday, or of two thousand years ago. FitzGerald apologizes for his liberties in a preface, but he does not reconcile us to them. At what did he aim? If any one wants a justification of this perplexity, let him compare FitzGerald's version of the Messenger's speech on the Passing of *Edipous* with the noble original (FitzGerald, iii. 263; *Ed. Col.* 1648-1665). A more complete and absolute missing of the point, a more successful escape of all the poetry, was never made or permitted by mortal translator. The very

ἀλλ' εἰ τις βροτῶν
θauμαστὸς

is omitted, with almost everything else that dwells eternally in the mind of the reader. FitzGerald's perversions of the Greek are bastard and abortive things. Now his translation of Omar may, perhaps, seem as bastard to the Persian scholar, but abortive nobody can call it. People who are not Orientalists may consult Mr. McCarthy's recent prose version of the *Rubaiyat*, and may form some idea of how much FitzGerald gave to his original. By the least probable of all paths—a casual and capricious following of an ancient original—he reached the end, success, and produced a work which has given and will give much poetical

* *Life and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald*. Edited by William Aldis Wright. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

pleasure. The secret of the fortune of his Omar is difficult and dark. Other poets of wine, death, the rose, and the bulbous leaf readers who come to them by way of translations extremely cold. It must be something in FitzGerald's verse which makes all the difference; something in his verse and in his melancholy. That melancholy, again, is not at all like the sad resignation and endurance of his letters. He was no "Oriental voluptuary," but a tall Englishman, "whose friendships were more like loves," who loved best some of the greatest men of his time, and who had a sturdy affection for his country.

Why and wherefore he withdrew from all activity, why he hid his light under a bushel or on board a herring lugger, why he said to action and adventure

Too late for us your horns you blow
Whose bent was taken long ago,

his letters do not explain. They are haunted by that long apprehension of national collapse which has embittered the lives of every generation since Waterloo. FitzGerald "cannot help and distresses himself as little as possible." "Don't write to me on politics, I agree with you beforehand," he says; and this admirer of big, strong men, this friend of Tennyson, Thackeray, Carlyle, hides himself from the world and shuts his eyes to what he cannot cure, like an Obermann. It is a very strange phenomenon of character, and, as we said, is unexplained, though perhaps it has an explanation. Very soon after leaving Cambridge, then so full of men of promise and vitality, he becomes a voluntary recluse, watching the wheel of existence like a British Buddha. He was un-English enough to be a vegetarian, as every one has read in Lord Tennyson's poem. He lived on the memories of old and immortal friendships, very little cheered by glimpses of the friends who were out in the world. He read the best books of the world and tinkered at them a little, collecting aphorisms in *Polonius*, speaking his mind with Platonic reserve in *Euphranor*, trying faintly to reinstate Crabbe in selections, thinking of abridging *Clarissa*, perverting Sophocles, adapting Calderon, and making an unexpected masterpiece of the *Rubaiyat*. He was like Balzac's alchemist in *La Recherche de l'Absolu*. Once, in some unknown way, he created a diamond—he never could recover that mastery, but there the diamond remains, "on the stretched forefinger of all Time," to quote the line obnoxious to Sir Edward Hamley:—

The worldly Hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers, and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

He set his heart, as far as we learn, on no hope, and there was no particular light but that of loyalty and kindness on the long path of pleasant and melancholy days. The burden of his poem, "Bredfield Hall," is the burden of his thought:—

To most thou stand'st a record sad,
But all the sunshine of the year
Could not make thine aspect glad
To one whose youth is buried here.

In thine ancient rooms and gardens
Buried, and his own no more
Than the youth of those old owners,
Dead two centuries before.

He was thirty when he wrote, or half-wrote, for they are quite unfinished, those lines on his ancient home. Hawthorne might have seen in him a man bemused in the Sleepy Hollow of an English country house, lulled by the peace and dulled by the memory of the long series of lives that were passed and ended in its halls and gardens:—

'Till the Bell that not in vain
Had summon'd them to weekly prayer,
Call'd them one by one again
To the church, and left them there!

At thirty his bent was taken, perhaps earlier, and yet he was impatient with Lord Tennyson's *Princess* and the *Idylls*; he wanted from him some more stirring and spirited verse. "The last of old Alfred's best" he found in the volumes of 1842, now near fifty years ago. What was it that took the life out of him; the life, but not the heart, for he always kept the heart of a boy, and the joy in the praise of other men?

We might fill a long review with extracts of personal interest, as it is called, from FitzGerald's letters, with anecdotes of Mr. Thackeray, Lord Tennyson, Mr. Spedding, and Mr. Carlyle. All through his life he was fumbling, as it were, with the erection of a stone on Naseby field to mark the true site of the battle and of the burials. He had made some diggings long ago while Carlyle was editing Cromwell's Letters and Speeches. But nothing came of it. Every one who cares at all for the literature of England since 1830 will read these charming, melancholy letters, and learn from FitzGerald how very great a man the Laureate is, and how his prose sentences are worthy of his poetry. But few of them are published here, nor do we see very much of Thackeray, nothing more vivid than a sketch of him as he runs, singing, up the stairs to FitzGerald's rooms. We learn, too, that Thackeray's articles on pictures made the painters very wild. They talked of horsewhips; but two could play at that game, and nobody attempted it with Mr. Titmarsh. FitzGerald was crushed somehow by the mystery of the world. "Another year, with its same flowers and topics to open upon us. . . . Oh! this wonderful, wonderful world, and we who stand in the midst of it are all in

a maze, except poor Matthews, of Bedford, who fixes his eyes upon a wooden Cross and has no misgivings whatsoever." "It is good for a humourist to be alone," FitzGerald said; though he himself married. May we not say that it is not good for a humourist to be alone, living in his thoughts without action, sad, and a cause of sadness in others? For, though FitzGerald is never maudlin, never peevish, he is emphatically hopeless; with all his charity, which was great, he had not hope. "The old Tent-maker," he says, "fell back upon To-day (which has outlasted so many to-morrows) as the only ground he had got to stand upon, however momentarily slipping from under his feet." He, too, lived from day to day in a world where very little was permanent but his own deathless love of old friends. He writes to Mr. Lawrence, who had sent him a portrait of Thackeray (1864):—"I found your two letters, and then your box. When I had unscrewed the last screw it was as if a coffin's lid were raised; there was the dead man. I took him up to my bedroom, and when morning came he was there, reading, alive, and yet dead." He often says how in Thackeray's books he hears Thackeray's living voice, and we hear his in his letters. It is a kind voice and friendly, a wind from the dusty desert softened in passing over the green of English lawns and the water of English streams.

It comes easily enough to regret FitzGerald's want of energy, to regret it as much for his own sake as for that of letters or of life. But most who read his correspondence will agree

That life, that energy, though rare,
Are yet far, far less rare than love.

NOVELS.*

M. R. G. DERING is happy in the first impression he makes in his novel *Giraldi; or, the Curse of Love*. There is a dedication, which runs thus:—"To Thomas Lowestoft, Esquire, of Braybrooke Hall, Lincolnshire, in recognition of his unwearied attempts to discourage me in my literary career, and to dissuade me, in particular, from publishing the present work, this book is inscribed by his very humble friend and servant." This preliminary taste of the writer's quality engages attention and excites interest in no small degree. On the next page is a list of characters with definitions, after the fashion of the bill of the play, the names suggesting recollections of Peacock. The Rev. Chauncey Fairweather, the Rev. Oriel St. Jerome, the Rev. Jabez Insight, the Rev. Israel Doom, the Rev. Issachar Leech, are a few of the representative figures who appear in this portentous catalogue. Nobody must suppose that Mr. Dering's personages are all clerics, or that the talk is nothing but theological discussion. There is a good deal of that; but we are getting used to it now in novels where the creeds are jostling incident and flirtation out of the running. Besides the polemical bent, there is the second title to justify. We must be shown the "curse of love." We suspect the curse of love did not present itself in any very striking manner to the mind of the author, any more than he has succeeded in making it do to the reader. Much nearer to his heart was putting convincing arguments into the mouth of Dr. Urquhart, the Agnostic, or at least defending the position of the respectable curate of the Established Church against the attacks of Dissent. Love may be left to take care of itself, and will survive worse assaults than Mr. Dering's. On the whole, we cannot but feel pleased that the dissuasions of Mr. Dering's friend did not stifle his ambition as a novel-writer. *Giraldi* is undeniably a clever book; satirical, humorous, and amusing; full of consistent sketching of character, mostly grotesque, but seldom absurdly improbable. It reads like the first effort in fiction of a man who has observed and thought. Giraldi, the boy Jew Jesuit, is the least successful character, perhaps because he is the most complex. He is thoroughly disagreeable. Mr. Dering's is not a smooth version of life, and very few people in his book awaken sympathy. There are crudities in the construction and peculiarities in the style. But it is an original and readable novel.

Little Hand and Muckle Gold may be regarded in the light of a literary contribution to the Pasteur agitation of the moment. The most terrible description of a death from hydrophobia we have read out of the pages of a medical book concludes the third volume. Nor has "X. L." the author, dealt out this fearful doom in punishment of the villain of the piece. It is deepened in its horror by its being the fate of a woman—nay, a duchess, young, lovely, and good. Can any fate be more fantastical than that of a young creature, adored by her husband, worshipped by society, spoiled by neither, and mistress of every good thing this world has to offer, sent out of it by the scratch on her wrist of a vicious little pet dog, and sent, moreover, in the most hideous way the mind can conceive? "X. L." supplies a solid stone

* *Giraldi; or, the Curse of Love*. By Ross George Dering. 2 vols. London: Trübner & Co. 1889.

Little Hand and Muckle Gold: a Study of To-day. By X. L. 3 vols. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1889.

An I. D. B. in South Africa. By Louise Veselius-Sheldon. London: Trübner & Co.

Miss Eyre from Boston; and others. By Louise Chandler Moulton. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1889.

A Woodland Wooing. By Eleanor Putnam. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1889.

towards the support of the Pasteur Institute. The compassion we feel for the unhappy Duchess of Tintagell—or Tintagil, as the author prefers it—dates chiefly from the hour of her forebodings as to her frightful death. The story begins in the days of the Second French Empire—opens, in fact, on the 1st of December, 1851. The social tapestry of the succeeding years was vulgar in design and coarse in execution seen even in the best light. The seamy side of it, which the author alone shows us, is unredeemably bad. The two English girls, Muriel Meredith and Madge Tyrrell, who are brought up in the worst Parisian set in the worst way, do not escape the consequences of such contact. The author is perpetually presenting them in the most dubious positions, doing and saying and hearing things all but incompatible with innocence, certainly abolishing all notion of ignorance, and yet apparently expects us to receive them as *ingénues*. Madge, indeed, waits till she can add to her fall the betrayal of her husband; and Muriel never actually falls in the received sense; but both had early lost all the bloom belonging to girls who have not eaten of the fruit of the tree of good and evil. Madge, who was wicked, ends in the grace of sanctity as “Sister Saint John of God.” Muriel, who was virtuous, dies snapping and howling like a mad dog. Lawrence Farquhar, who was vicious enough for a dozen, is drowned while in a fit of paralysis brought on by excess in absinthe. Such were their deaths, and their lives seem no inappropriate preparation. It will be seen that “X. L.” leads us through no pleasant paths of innocence and peace.

None but the initiated can know the meaning of the title Mrs. Louise Vescelius-Sheldon gives her novel, *An I. D. B. in South Africa*; nor, in sooth, is there much enlightenment or edification either to be gained by perusal of the work. In the first chapter a gentleman, known in the social circles of the Kimberley Diamond Fields as Count Telfus, is arrested by detectives in his box in the Theatre Royal, searched on the spot, with the result of finding on his person a marked diamond; is conducted to the police station, and there shoots himself with the pistol which the officers of law had either overlooked in his pockets or had obligingly left there for the purpose. Count Telfus was an “I. D. B.” Later on another gentleman of good position is searched by more detectives for another marked diamond. He also is an “I. D. B.”; but he has a clever little wife, who saves him, literally, in the twinkling of an eye. Her black dwarf servant, Bela, has a glass eye, which his mistress had, in moments of gaiety, taken out and put in again, so as to become familiar with the process. When the detectives’ backs are turned, Mrs. Laure whips out Bela’s false optic, pops the stolen diamond into the socket, restores the glass eye, and serenely confronts the baffled minions of the law. These two incidents are the leading events of the story, which is, besides, a foolish story, written in bad taste and bad style.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, if we may judge from the volume called *Miss Eyre from Boston*, does not shine in prose. Fourteen little stories make up a little book, and make very little impression on the attention of the reader. A few feeble ghosts and a great deal of sentimental love flicker feebly through the fourteen, and there’s an end. Mrs. Moulton is not above taking help from her betters, and this is an amiable quality. “*Riching versus Providence*” is a boiling down of *Dombey and Son* as near to Dickens as the author could make it, which is not very near. In “*Nan*” a fashionable young lady is unaffectedly named Blanche Amory. This awakens, at least, a reflected historical interest. In another of the little tales we are taken into an “inodorous old house with its smell of mould blended with bad tobacco.” Miss Eyre’s aunt, Miss Quincey, spells her first name Mehitable, but, of course, in a free republic she could do that if she liked. A final gleam of pleasure is shed on finding ourselves referred to in “*The Perils of a Studio*” as the “savage ‘Saturday,’” and these sum up the merits of the book.

A Woodland Wooing is a homely little American story of girls and boys camping out, amusing themselves in the woods, and having generally a good time. Miss Betty Greenleaf and her brother Bob, who tell the story between them, are rough, affectionate playfellows, the young lady of the type of heroine with tousled hair and tumbled frocks, who climbs trees and is always in some hoydenish scrape, but manages to win the heart of the best *parti* about. There is love-making in the camp at Sippican, and some amusing incidents take place; but the fun is a little forced, and the children, drawn somewhat after the pattern of Helen’s Babies, are not quite so engaging as the author means them to be. Nevertheless, it is a bright little trifle of a book.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.*

WE observe—with some concern, with a little amusement, and with a very little curiosity to know when these un-Christian feelings arose—that Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton is apparently not quite in charity with the *Saturday Review*. He says in his preface that we “were once good enough to say that he is ‘courteously careful not to offend.’” When a man says “good enough” in this way he generally means “ineffably bad.” Further, it seems that we wickedly, maliciously, and not having the fear of God before our eyes, wrote “after the expulsion of

the Count of Paris and his family,” when, as a matter of fact, only two members of his family were formally expelled, though his whole family left in consequence of the expulsion of their father and head—as, in fact, families very commonly do. We repent in sackcloth and ashes, and will hereafter never say that “Mr. Smith and his portmanteaus” arrived at Folkestone without inquiring carefully whether any portmanteaus remained in Mr. Smith’s box-room in London. We are (still according to Mr. Hamerton) “never very charitable in our judgments about France, and not often very well informed.” Now of course, if we are not often very well informed about France, what is the use of our criticizing a book which is well informed? So Mr. Hamerton cleverly bars the judgment and the knowledge of the court at the same time.

There is, however, this of god-like about the critic, that it does not make the very smallest difference to him whether the prisoner at the bar thinks him well informed or not, charitable or not, good or not. Judges have been known to increase the sentences of prisoners for throwing boots at the Bench—an increase defensible, perhaps, on the ground that the boot is constructively thrown at Her Gracious Majesty. But in the court of criticism (which is the highest and most impartial of all courts) a man shall no more get twelve months instead of six for throwing his boots at the judge than he shall be acquitted because he has greased the judge’s palm. Mr. Hamerton’s book is interesting because he can write pleasantly enough, and because he possesses what most Englishmen do not possess—the habit of French life—having lived in France, not for a month or two, or for a year or two, or on visits now and then, but for a very long course of years as an actual householder, not in an English colony, or in the capital, or in a watering-place, but up the country among Frenchmen, and almost of them. It is true that the advantages obtained by this experience are constantly overrated, and are, in fact, more apparent than real. A man who has the faculty of “criticism of life,” and who in these days studies on a large scale the literature and the journalism, the politics and the history, of a foreign country will know ten times more about it, though (taking an extreme case) he may never have set foot on its shores, than a man not so gifted who has lived in one of its villages for twenty years. Yet the twenty years’ experience is not to be despised, and is a document in its way—a document not to be taken with implicit belief, but to be critically examined like other documents. Where Mr. Hamerton is almost on his own principles weak is not so much in his knowledge of French as in his knowledge of English life. His experiences—at least those which he quotes—are almost wholly drawn from Lancashire and Scotland, in both of which, but especially in the former, the character and ways of the people are a long way off the English “norm.” But this matters not much. A more interesting point is that Mr. Hamerton, while setting himself to redress the mistaken notions of Englishmen from his own more perfect knowledge, tells us nothing in those parts of this book which are most authentic that we did not know (ill informed as we are) before. On the subject of French dislike of England Mr. Hamerton has no illusions, and speaks most sound and sensible words, capping them with others equally sound and sensible on the paramount duty of preparation on England’s part for war. His subdivisions of the patriotic feeling, and his contrast of English and French patriotism under these several heads, are also good. He points out with acuteness and truth that, contrary to some opinions, the French are the most inhospitable and the English the most hospitable nation in the world, that French politeness is a matter of pure convention, that the English advantage in comfort and the French advantage in luxury pretty well balance each other, that French “sobriety” is a myth, that the one virtue (if virtue it be) which France indisputably possesses over England is thrift, and so forth. But we may venture to ask whether there is any really intelligent and well-educated Englishman to whom these things are not known? We think there are but few, if there are any such.

Residence, however, in a country is not everything; if it were, since we all must live somewhere, all of us would be perfectly wise. And we have noted not a few passages in Mr. Hamerton’s book where we incline to think that an ounce of critical and historical spirit (for the real historical spirit, as opposed to the spirit of the document-grubbers, is only knowledge of human nature) would have served him better than a pound of scot-and-lot paying in the neighbourhood of the Saône. We do not now refer to the past; though it would be interesting to learn from Mr. Hamerton at what time “the Catholic Church was robbed and pillaged by the English secular power.” If he means the dissolution of the monasteries, he will get into trouble with what he probably designates as the Catholic Church, which has sanctioned similar proceedings time out of mind. If he means the B. Reformation, his history must be of a singularly primitive kind. But this we pass; let it be granted that Mr. Hamerton is not a historian save of the present. But what are we to say of him when he says that “rowing exercises the arms or chest only”? Mr. Hamerton is not, we believe, a very young man; if he were, and if in an Oxford or Cambridge eight he endeavoured to row “with his arms and chest only,” we tremble to think of the language which would issue from the lips of the coach. *Rien n’est sacré pour un coach*. Yet again, “Where is the Englishman except Swinburne [we should say “Mr.” Swinburne, but no matter] who in reading a French poem knows good technical workmanship when he sees it?” Mr. Hamerton must be unfortunate, though no doubt he

* *French and English*. By P. G. Hamerton. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

speaks with really commendable modesty of his own state of knowledge. Still it is never safe to judge entirely by oneself, and we could tell Mr. Hamerton not of one but of several Englishmen besides "Swinburne" who possess this not altogether extraordinary faculty. We should extremely like to have instances given of the "upper-class" Englishmen who, in times which Mr. Hamerton can remember, "offered French red wine at dessert as claret, without distinguishing between Burgundy and Bordeaux." They must have been very odd "upper class," indeed—perhaps *Lancashire nouveaux riches*. We do not know what Mr. Hamerton means when he says that success in literature is "infinitely beneath" a French gentleman. Not to mention the Duke d'Aumale, we have been under the impression that M. de Broglie and M. d'Haussonville were very much French gentlemen, that M. de Vogüé was not quite a *roturier*, and that even such strict professionals as the late M. de Saint-Victor, as M. de Banville, and others (we purposely only mention recent or living examples and men of unquestioned position) could "make their proofs" very fairly. But the most agreeable passage to us is one in which Mr. Hamerton writes as follows:—

What is still more surprising is that many English people should go out of their way to express admiration for Rabelais. Have they read him? Can they understand his old French? If they can and read him still, they need not be afraid of Zola.

The most delightful thing in this passage is that Mr. Hamerton confesses elsewhere that he has "never read any of Zola's novels." Will he permit us who have read every word of Rabelais, understanding (except those few words which no man knoweth) his "old French" "like our hand," who have also read every word of Zola, or almost every word (for the man is voluminous), to tell him in that department of art which he understands best what his comparison is worth? It is exactly as though he should say, "Do you admire Titian's Venus? Then why have you the impudence to object to this Holywell Street lithograph?"

And this brings us to Mr. Hamerton's most interesting and boldest effort—the effort to vindicate French domestic life from the imputations brought against it on the testimony of French literature. With much that he says we thoroughly agree. When he protests against being asked to believe that his own French friends and their wives are thoroughly vicious because of novels "written by some Parisians who have never seen them," we are quite with him. But this is rhetoric. Will Mr. Hamerton deny that the continuance for years—for generations—of a scheme of popular novel-writing which implies, not the universality, but the prevalence, of a particular habit is compatible with the extreme rarity of that habit in a country? Will he assert that the custom (which he himself fully admits) of allowing not merely no "falling in love," but no acquaintance at all, between married people before their marriage is not likely to lead to such a habit? Will he deny that, if the ordinary Frenchwoman is ever to know what being "made love to" means at all, it must be post-nuptially? Will he further deny that certain French customs (less universal in country than in city life, no doubt, but prevalent everywhere) of domestic arrangement and cohabitation lend themselves directly to the estrangement of man and wife, and to the familiarization of both with others? If he does, we can only in some cases set his own testimony against his own arguments, and in the others disable his judgment. No man alive is less inclined to Pharisaism than we are. But the fact is (though some alteration in national habits in each case may have been effected of late years) that when the average Englishman thinks of falling in love he thinks of an unmarried girl, and that when the average Frenchman so thinks he thinks of a married woman. The thing is not deniable.

Nevertheless, though we differ with Mr. Hamerton on this and other points, and though he thinks us not often well informed, we have read his book, as we do all honest books, with interest, and can recommend it, with the proper grains of salt, to all readers.

BUGGE'S NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.*

ALL who take a serious interest in mythological questions may fairly be supposed to read German, though certainly not to read Danish, and we therefore record here, for the benefit of our readers, the completion of Professor Brenner's elaborate translation of a book not new, but hitherto disguised by its native language, the *Studien über die nordische Götter- und Helden-sagen* of Professor Sophus Bugge of Christiania. This great work, which may be considered as taking its place at the head of what has at present been contributed to a knowledge of Scandinavian mythology, has been the labour of many years. The first volume of the original was published in Christiania so long ago as 1880; further instalments are dated 1881, 1884, and 1888, and it is only in the present year that the author has laid the top-stone to his work. His German translator, beginning recently, has caught up the Norwegian original, and the last leaves of the latter have appeared simultaneously with the final publication of the former. Professor Brenner has

performed his task with admirable care and skill, and he acknowledges the help which he has received in doing so from the venerable Dr. Konrad Maurer, than whom, now that Vigfussen has been taken from us, Europe possesses no finer Icelandic scholar.

The only important instance in which this instalment of the German translation differs from the original appears to be the introduction, with the chapter on the spread of the Balder legend, of a disquisition on the mysterious name Phol, which is found in the famous Merseburg Incantation in connexion with that of Wodan. Most writers have taken it as marking a god of the Teutonic race. Jacob Grimm and others thought that the name of this deity was to be traced in such place-names as Pfalsau (Pholesouwa) and Pfalzpoint (Pholespiunt), both in Bavaria. It has also been suggested that the word Phol was a modification of Balder itself, or, by Rydberg, of the epithet *Falr* applied to Balder. These and other suggestions are carefully examined by Professor Bugge in the new passage to which we call attention. He points out that the letters *ph* are very unlikely to be found in the name of a god of pure German origin, and that the phrase in the Merseburg Incantation—*Phol ende Wodan wuon zi holza* (Phol and Wodan go to the forest)—makes the supposition that Apollo is meant highly improbable. Professor Bugge has come to the conclusion—at first sight a rather startling one—that Phol is the Apostle Paul of the Christians. The arguments he gives are voluminous, and seem to prove that this is the correct interpretation of a passage which has hitherto baffled the critics. He holds that the Merseburg poem is in its present form corrupt, and that the pure heathen incantation probably began with the words *Frija ende Wodan*, the pagan goddess being afterwards turned out to make room for the Christian apostle. Professor Bugge is, therefore, of opinion that the Merseburg *Spruch* should no longer be included among the authorities for an early spread of the Balder legend into countries remote from Scandinavia, any more than should the Swiss saga of Baltram and Sintram, in which Müllendorf imagined that he had discovered a direct connexion with the story of Balder and Váli. In all this, as in the general tenour of his work, that excellent good sense for which Professor Bugge has always been distinguished comes into delightful prominence. He is so candid, sensible, and honest a critic that it is difficult for his reader not to be convinced that he is right.

NOVELS.*

ELABORATE landscape backgrounds in novels should fulfil two purposes; they should indicate to the reader subtle inferences and thin shades of emotion too delicate and evanescent to admit of direct expression, and, further, they should play a part similar to that of the chorus in a drama, emphasizing its central idea, rounding into unity the impression conveyed by the whole work, and suggesting, it may be, the presence of those vast mysterious forces by which human life is encompassed and directed. If they do none of these things, they are, however cleverly executed, mere excrescences, like illustrations in a text for which they were not designed.

Cum properantis aque per amoenos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.

This rudimentary rule of good art Maxwell Gray seems to have ignored. *The Reproach of Annesley* contains many descriptions of rural scenery, admirably graceful and pretty in themselves, but often standing in no perceptible relation to the story. The scene of the tale is laid mainly among the South Downs; but it might equally well have been situated in Norfolk or Cornwall, and even better in a London suburb. The chief characters are essentially villa residents, people who settle here or there because the view is pretty or the soil healthy, but who have no intimate connexion with their place of abode. Villa residents are, of course, as fit subjects for fiction as any other class of people. They should, however, be painted in their habit as they live, not masquerading as country squires, country doctors, and country lawyers; let us have local colour by all means, but let the place and its inhabitants be congruous. Speaking from internal evidence only, and therefore, we hope, without offence, we should say that Maxwell Gray is better versed in literature than in life, and more practised in reflection than in direct observation. Her talent seems to us to show to most advantage in the idyllic passages, and least where a wide knowledge of the world and of the sterner and more masculine passions would tell. Possibly the success of *The Silence of Dean Maitland* has induced its author to adopt a kind of plot alien to the natural bent of her inclination. Many outbreaks of anger are described in the present novel, but they are the petulant rages of children rather than the concentrated fury of men. The plot is not a strong one, and lingers somewhat in the telling; as there is a mystery involved, it would perhaps be unfair to detail it; we may, however, say that it

* *The Reproach of Annesley*. By Maxwell Gray. 3 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

A London Life. By Henry James. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Common Clay. By Mrs. Henry Martin. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1889.

Deveril's Diamond. By Adeline Sargeant. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1889.

* *Studien über die Entstehung der nordischen Götter- und Helden-sagen von Sophus Bugge, Professor an der Universität Christiania. Vom Verfasser autorisierte und durchgesehene Uebersetzung von Oscar Brenner, Professor an der Universität München. Drittes Heft (Schluss). München: C. Kaiser. 1889.*

hinges on the sudden disappearance of one character and the suspicion of murder cast on another, and further, that it is concerned with the three suitors of a beautiful orphan adopted by an elderly savant. Gervase Rickman, son of the savant and one of the suitors, is the most ambitious and the worst-drawn character in the book; the frequent references to his extraordinary talents and to his vast designs "of swaying the destinies of England, if not of Europe," can only provoke a smile; it is sufficiently difficult to imagine him as a successful lawyer. An effort also is required to conceive as actually walking the earth Paul Annesley, the passionate country doctor endowed with a family curse and cursed with a family temper. Edward Annesley, his cousin, a simple-hearted cheery soldier, is more human, but the female characters are much better drawn than the men. Alice Lingard, the heroine, is not very attractive, and is perhaps better suited to enlist German than English sympathies—there is a good deal of *stille Innigkeit* about her—but Sybil Rickman, who renounces her love for her friend's sake, lingers in the memory as wholly charming; here at least we seem to get in touch with breathing humanity. Among the minor characters are some rustics who discourse appropriately in dialect. They have evidently been studied with care, but nevertheless wear a languishing mien as of plants bedded out in uncongenial soil. The ancient curse, which suggests the title of the story, should either have been made more of or omitted. The author should have the courage of her opinions. In conclusion, *The Reproach of Annesley* is not a great nor a very powerful novel, but it displays much delicately imaginative insight and a very distinct literary gift. If it falls short of its aim, we may remember that its aim is very high.

Mr. Henry James's last volume of stories displays all his well-known characteristics, with these differentiating marks—that the first and longest of his tales is in its *donnée* (we cannot in such a connexion speak of "plot") faintly improper, and that the second contains a startling incident. We do not wish to speak disrespectfully of a very clever writer, but Mr. James's work always reminds us of those marvellously elaborate models in cork or pith which are the glory of provincial museums. It is exquisitely ingenious, a very miracle of delicate craftsmanship; but the chief question it suggests is, "Was it worth while?" No doubt rigid Determinists in possession of infinite intelligence would consider all actions and emotions as equally important, and we can imagine such august beings revelling in the fare which Mr. James provides; but we, whose little life is rounded by a sleep and who can gather but a few fragments before we pass hence, may reasonably crave for rather less process and rather more result. When Mr. James first swam into ken with *Daisy Miller* we were willing to welcome him as the discoverer of an unworked field. Now we find ourselves considering whether the field may not have been left so long virgin because it was not worth cultivation or fitted to bear only an occasional flower, not a yearly crop. The device, too, of taking the reader into partnership, and calling on him to gather up the loose threads and finish the story for himself, was at first flattering; but, like all flattery, it has palled with repetition. Least of all can we forgive Mr. James for the impression which he manages to convey, that he is just going to say something really first rate. His pages are strewn with the wrecks of epigrams; the hope has not yet faded from us that his next epigram will be a complete success, and hope deferred, as we all know, maketh the heart sick. For these reasons we are not ready to accord to *A London Life* so hearty a reception as the ability displayed in it might seem to demand. The method is delicate, but it is no longer fresh, the analysis is "thoughtful," but it is not interesting. In the first story, or rather episode, we are kept dallying on the threshold of a divorce suit—Berrington v. Berrington and others—and assist at the moral dissection of the faithless wife, her worthless husband, her modest-minded sister, and an unspeakably dreary American youth on tour in Europe. "The Patagonia" is concerned with an American girl travelling to Europe to fulfil a long-standing marriage engagement, and with her fellow-passengers. An ocean steamer is a stage exactly fitted to Mr. James's modes of work, and the tale is, in our opinion, much the best of the four. The remaining two are very slight, and call for some patience in the reading of them. The scene of the last is laid partly in Paris, and several French phrases are introduced, generally, but not uniformly (ii. 316) correct.

Common Clay is not at all a bad novel; the characters are natural enough, and the incidents do not violate probability. It suffers, however, terribly from its length. As a short story we could have given it, within its modest limits, unqualified praise. It is not brilliant; but it is sound. The plot is as follows. Wilfrid Erle, a young artist, falls desperately in love with the illegitimate daughter of a squire and a gipsy, whom he meets in a farmhouse during a sketching tour. Being strictly moral, he introduces her to his sister, and boards her out with some friends in London, to make her into a lady and eventually his wife. Before it is too late, both he and Mazella Foster, such is the girl's name, discover the folly of his scheme, and pair off, she with her former sweetheart, a gamekeeper, he with a lady of his own class, named Lesbia, and possessing a tame sparrow, but happily bearing no moral resemblance to her famous prototype.

Deverill's Diamond is a favourable specimen of the circulating library sort of novel. It contains plenty of incident, two or three crimes, an aristocratic villain, a plebeian ditto, honest British merchants, a ruined squire who regains his family place by marriage, a saturnine retainer, and other types equally fresh,

all painted in colours which are nothing if not vivid and described in a style fluent to the utmost verge of grammar. The plot turns on schemes to obtain possession of a magnificent diamond, and is concerned with the fortunes of the Lady Eleanor Monckton, a girl whom the death of her disreputable father has left penniless, and who loves one man, consents to marry a second, and finds on the altar steps that she is being actually wedded to a third. Her conduct after the marriage has been celebrated recalls an episode in the work of M. Ohnet (whom Mr. Frederic Harrison, by-the-by, ranks with Tolstoi and Tourgenéff—such verdicts can culture prompt), but her husband is a most worthy and long-suffering person, and the union becomes more happy than might have been expected. The opening scene of the story, a life and death struggle in the wilds of South Africa, is extremely vigorous and raises expectations which are hardly fulfilled. Yet readers who want to beguile an idle hour might do worse than procure Miss Sargeant's latest book. It is more entertaining than many more pretentious works.

HENRY VII.*

UNSATISFACTORY as any attempt to divide the history of a country into periods must necessarily be, the reign of Henry VII. may certainly in more than one respect fairly be regarded as ushering in a new era in English history. Changes which for the most part had their origin in earlier reigns, and some of which had already begun to make themselves, appeared in full strength. The fall of the great feudal houses made way for the power of the Crown, represented and enforced by a King of remarkable ability. This was in accordance with the desires of the bulk of the people, who were weary of anarchy and violence. They wanted peace and material prosperity, and saw that they were to be attained and preserved by the establishment of a strong central power. During the preceding age the Constitution had been on its trial; it had failed to give the nation what it needed, and men were not unwilling that order should be ensured, even at the cost of constitutional liberties. The strong government set up by Edward IV. had been disturbed by the consequences of the usurpation of Richard III.; there was now an opportunity of renewing it. Henry answered the expectations of his people by making the law feared and obeyed by great as well as small, and the exaltation of the kingship brought the subject a new sense of security. As regards the foreign relations of England the change was not less marked. His reign saw the rise of a system of European alliances; under his guidance England became an important factor in Continental politics, and his wisdom prepared the way for the grander part which it played under his son and Wolsey. Neither the domestic nor the foreign affairs of the reign afford much material for picturesque writing, nor is Henry himself exactly an heroic figure. Nevertheless, the reign has a special importance as a period of political and constitutional change; while the sagacity of the King and the difficulties over which he triumphed impart interest to a narrative which, as far as mere incidents are concerned, is somewhat commonplace. Mr. Gairdner's treatment of his subject is pleasant and scholarly; he writes with some spirit, and is always perfectly lucid and readable. His view of Henry's character is, on the whole, more favourable than that which has generally been accepted; he points out that considerable allowance should be made for the necessities of his position, gives prominence to his clemency, and contends that he was naturally kind, affable, and even humorous.

After Henry of Richmond gained his freedom on the death of Edward IV. he suffered two signal reverses, each of which in the end brought him some good. The failure of the Duke of Buckingham's conspiracy was followed by severities which, as Mr. Gairdner notes, strengthened his party by forcing a large number of able and powerful men to leave England and join themselves to him; and so, when he made his second attempt, his party was consolidated and his plans matured, while Richard had by that time thoroughly disgusted the nation. The influence which Richard gained in Brittany was, however, nearly fatal to him, for Landois, the Duke's Minister, determined to deliver him up, and he had to escape from the duchy in disguise. Yet this check also turned to his advantage, for he found in Charles VIII. of France a protector with whom Richard did not dare to quarrel. The larger part of the volume is devoted to Henry's foreign policy. It was not always successful, for he failed in his attempt to maintain the independence of Brittany. It must, however, be judged by its general results. Although he found the country exhausted and disturbed, and was constantly hampered by the insecurity of his throne, he nevertheless secured strong European alliances, and managed with a minimum of bloodshed and expense to convince other sovereigns that it was worth their while to court his goodwill. At home he gave his subjects the peace and order which they desired. His strictness in all matters of finance was closely connected with his system of personal government. He had no love for Parliaments, and preferred to raise money by other than Parliamentary means, and to take care of it and increase it as much as possible, for he saw "more clearly than any previous sovereign that money was the source of power." His extortions and his parsimony are not to be regarded as the signs of mere vulgar avarice; they are to

* *Henry the Seventh.* By James Gairdner. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

be connected, as Mr. Gairdner contends, with his whole plan of government.

In his dealings with Ireland, of which we have a clear and masterly sketch, he sought in much the same spirit as that which inspired his English policy to make the whole administration directly responsible to himself. Parliaments were summoned to do the King's business, and Poyning's Acts ensured that Irish Parliaments should do it. His wisdom is conspicuous throughout the whole of his rule over Ireland; he knew when to interfere and when to abstain from interference. As long as he was too weak to match himself with Kildare, he let matters take their course, and was ready to pardon rebellion; as soon as he grew strong enough, he began to put down faction, to punish the excesses of the great, and to enforce order. As he saw that it was hopeless to attempt to bring the Irish into subjection by using his own forces, and shrank from the expense which constant war would have entailed, he ventured to entrust the task to the strongest man in the island, rebel though he had been, and the issue justified his determination. While Kildare certainly acted with little reference to the King, his victories strengthened the royal power in Ireland, for he enlarged the Pale, and made it secure. Mr. Gairdner has been able to correct two or three statements in Bacon's *Life*, of which he nevertheless speaks with becoming reverence. There is, he maintains, good reason for believing that Bacon exaggerated the coldness with which Henry treated his Queen, and he quotes the story of how the news of Prince Arthur's death was received by his parents as illustrating "the more human aspects of a character often represented untruly as cold and unloving." He also throws some light from the Spanish State Papers on the schemes which Henry undoubtedly entertained with reference to the regency of Castile, after the death of Isabella—a curious bit of history unknown to Bacon. He has written on a subject which he knows thoroughly, and has produced an eminently satisfactory volume.

FANS AND FAN LEAVES.*

IN this elephant folio Lady Charlotte Schreiber has reproduced one hundred and sixty-one specimens from her extraordinary collection of printed fans, now at Langham House. In her very brief preface she has not told us under what circumstances this assemblage of curiosities was put together, and we are left to rove through her handsome volume almost like a stranger who visits an historical mansion without a cicerone. There are, however, valuable notes on the separate fans, which are of great use to us in inspecting them. The reproductions are lithographs, printed in a sort of sepia tone. This is not a process which lends itself to positive beauty; but the objects themselves are not particularly beautiful, though they are often extremely curious.

The political fans illustrate a period of about one hundred years. The earliest seems to be "The States of Europe playing at Piquet," and the date is fixed by the fact that the Pope is Innocent XI., who reigned between 1679 and 1689. The seven players are women, to whom the following speeches are assigned—not in the later and grotesque way, by allowing labels to issue from their mouths, but by printing what they have to say freely above their heads:—

France. I make the hand and play first.

Spain. I have three kings and two aces discarded, and say three kings are good.

Sardinia. A quint fourteen by tens, but not the point.

Empire. Shall I be repiqued and capoted?

Saxony. Too many cards can count nothing.

Russia. I have a seventh from the king and quint major; how can I lose with so good a hand?

Poland. I have seventy-five in point and a carte major, and am first hand; I hope to win the Game if fortune crowns my ambition.

These seven States sit on the outer side of the oval table; nearer the foreground are Britannia, Holland, and "Prusia," who look out, but take no hand in the game. The Pope declares that he does "not understand the Game," like the Heathen Chinese; while the Grand Turk rides up on a very truculent charger, and cries out, "If you don't leave off I'll tear the cards." But the Shah of Persia, who is really not unlike our present illustrious guest, pulls the Turk's trappings with one hand, while he touches his own scimitar with the other, and whispers "Seigneur Turk, Persia shall make you change your note!" Could history be taught to the idlest scholar in a more charming form? The original, it appears, is printed on paper and touched up with gold.

This is the only example of a seventeenth-century political fan which Lady Charlotte Schreiber prints. She gives a good many, dated from 1734 onwards, which deal with the vicissitudes of Sir Robert Walpole's administration. The marriage of Princess Anne with William Prince of Orange seems to have called forth great ingenuity from the makers of these fashionable toys. There was one published by M. Gamble which was sold as "The Orange Fan; with a Letter to the lovely She who has more than 30,000 Charms." This letter was written in more than passably smooth verses, in the mode of Mr. William Whitehead, Poet Laureate,

bestrewn along the upper and lower edges of the fan, the design in the centre of which displayed a thickly-laden orange-tree on the left, and a "redolent rose" in full bloom on the right, with William's three-master scudding across a waveless ocean between them. In another Orange fan the bride (with a very cross expression, due to a limitation in the powers of the artist) and the bridegroom occupy the centre, flanked by bishops and beef-eaters. In yet another a pseudo-classical fancy runs positively riot. Anne, in a kind of Mantegna dress, takes the hand of William, who is dressed like a shepherd, but with an enormous coronet perched on his brows. Tiresome little half-naked amorini trip up the footsteps of the Princess and cling to her gown. A bishop in full canonicals is reading the service undisturbed by two cupids who are playing what looks like a tambourine in the air above the heads of the party, by a perfectly nude infant who is killing a quantity of snakes, or by some more decently habited young persons who are playing with a sheep. Some fashionably dressed ladies are letting a heavy hop-pole fall on the bishop, while the whole design is surrounded by a rich wreath of oranges, leaves, flowers, and fruit.

A much more business-like fan of April 22, 1740, gives a picture of Admiral Vernon's capture of Portobello in the preceding year, and another of 1741 the attack on Carthage. After a most lugubrious funeral fan in memory of the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, in 1751, we pass rapidly to the period of George III. The composition representing the Royal Concert of 1781 is adorned by some lines which Lady Charlotte Schreiber attributes to an Italian of the name of Giordini:—

*My dear Mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me.*

The music may have been Italian; but the lines, as Lady Charlotte Schreiber may very well be excused for not remembering, had been published just a century earlier, by Lord Rochester, in one of the best of his songs. A very funny and affected fan, well adapted to the peculiar taste of 1782, is that which was published in honour of Rodney's Victories. The Admiral, smirking very much and looking adorably juvenile, stands in gold-laced coat and white silk breeches between Neptune, who rises in a shell, clothed in two crowns and a trident, and Britannia, who is reposing on a trophy of anchors, drums, and bayonets. A winged infant descends from the skies, wrapped in a broad riband marked RODNEY, and places a wreath on the Admiral's neat eye-wig, while the hero tramples elegantly on a copious collection of flags that bear the *fleur-de-lys* of France. Urns, dolphins, cushions, and bay-leaves complete the scheme of decoration. There are a great many similar examples of fans which are dedicated to incidents in the Peninsular War.

Among those fans which depict social scenes, a special interest attaches to the "Bartholomew Fair" of 1721, full of little stiff figures strutting about or witnessing the cutting off of the head of Holophernes in a booth-tragedy of Judith. This book is without doubt that which was kept by Mrs. Mynns and her daughter, Mrs. Lee, for whom, at this very time, the wretched old Elkanah Settle was writing drolls, if he was not actually appearing any longer, in his own farce of *St. George for England*, as a dragon in a case of green leather. At all events, on this interesting fan we see depicted the identical stage on which poor Elkanah "spit streams of fire to make the butchers gaze." A rather bald and ugly fan gives us a representation of the Pump Room at Bath in 1737, the original being printed in green. In 1751 we have a scene from Ranelagh, with the great Rotunda in the centre, the pond on the left, what we take to be the Cascade in the background, and stately couples promenading among the lamps and the trees, as they did when Beau Tibbs and his party spent so disappointing an evening there. In the foreground we see the boxes in which they took their supper. There were even religious fans, and we have here a very curious, and not at all pretty, "Church of England Fan" of 1776, with scrolls and ovals full of Biblical maxims and devout precepts. As early as 1753 the *Gentleman's Magazine* had spoken of those ladies who "have lately contrived to improve the services of the Church to which they have the happiness to be daughters by so inconsiderable an implement as a *Fan mount*"; justly thinking that pictures of Silenus and his rout, of Harlequin, Pierrot, and Columbine, of the taking of Portobello, of a scene from the "Rake's Progress," and of the Judgment of Paris, all of which, and more, had been observed at one church during morning-service, were hardly suited to the solemnity of the function. Another Church-fan represents, in a style half of Watteau, half Chinese, the "Birth of Esau and Jacob," with Rebecca sitting up in bed very delicately in the middle of the composition. Another, of a more solemnizing nature, prints in columns and in excessively small type the Ten Commandments, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer, with figures of angels between.

A fan with designs on both sides, which are not dated, but must evidently from their style belong to the end of the eighteenth century, deals with the honours in cards; and below burlesque vignettes of the suits are printed some pleasing verses, which we do not remember to have met with elsewhere, set to the tune of "The Queen of Hearts, She made some Tarts":—

*The Queen of Clubs made sillabubs,
The Knave came like Big Ben,
He snatch'd the cup, and drank it up,
His toast was Rights of Men.*

* *Fans and Fan Leaves—English.* Collected and described by Lady Charlotte Schreiber. With 161 illustrations. London: John Murray.

With hands and eyes that mark surprise
The King laments his fate;
Alas! saith he, I plainly see
The Knave's a Democrat.

The Queen of Spades, she beat her Maids
For their immodesty,
The Knave of Spades, he kiss'd the Maids,
Which made the Queen to cry.
The King then curst that Knave who durst
Make Royalty shed tears,
Vile Knave, says he, 'tis my decree,
That you lose both your ears.

The Diamond Queen was one day seen
So drunk she could not stand,
The Diamond Knave he blushed and gave
The Queen a reprimand.
The King distrust that his Dearest
Should do so vile a thing,
Said, By my Wig, She's like the Pig
Of David the good King.

Any one who enjoys miscellaneous oddity will find an almost inexhaustible store of amusement in Lady Charlotte Schreiber's curious volume.

PIG-STICKING, MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE, AND THE SOUTH PACIFIC.*

COLONEL BADEN-POWELL writes on the premier sport of India with all the eloquence of an enthusiast and with all the knowledge of an expert. He is not slow to magnify his office. He compares hog-hunting, to its advantage, with fox-hunting. He thinks the two sports have much in common; pig-sticking is very like fox-hunting, "only more so." In the former sport you have the great advantage of finding a quarry worthy of your steel. But pig-sticking is not, according to our author, a mere amusement. "It is most useful for developing the attributes so necessary in a soldier—namely, eye, hand, a firm seat, courage, and activity." He cannot conceive it possible that a good pig-sticker should be an indifferent soldier. The book should be read throughout. The few extracts which we quote will, we hope, whet our readers' appetite for fuller knowledge of the respectable animal of whom a French hog-hunter writes this noble panegyric:—"J'ai beaucoup fréquenté les sangliers, et parmi nos animaux sauvages je n'en connais aucun que je trouve aussi estimable. C'est un brave, un chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche, qui se bat courageusement jusqu'à la fin et meurt comme un héros." His courage is indeed dauntless and enduring. Colonel Powell says that wounds which would at least disable any other animal seem to affect the pig but little. Even with his skull splintered by a shot he has been known to charge with renewed vigour. "He is as wise as he is brave. In the matter of brains he goes in for quality and not for quantity, for there can be no doubt that his little brain is full of craft. It may be that want of sensibility enables him to keep all his wits about him up to his last breath, even when he has been wounded to such an extent as would have laid any other animal low in a state of insensibility. And even in the worst dilemma a pig never by any chance loses his head." This Ulysses of wild animals has no certain dwelling where he may be found always at home. Sometimes his abode is in the neighbourhood of a well-ripening crop of favourite grain. Colonel Powell has seen his lair within twenty yards of a watchman's hut in a melon garden. The old notion that a pig cannot swim is an exploded superstition, a very "vulgar error" indeed. He may often be seen swimming a canal on business and a river for pleasure. Water, in fact, is his favourite means of escape from his pursuers. A boar took refuge once in a native's house in a town. The magistrate was sent for; out rushed the hog, and without a pause went for the magistrate's companion, Mr. Rogers, who, having been an experienced pig-sticker in his day, met him halfway with a spear clean through his body. Away bounded the wounded beast; but the magistrate followed close on his heels, and brought him to with a spear in the spine. What he was doing in a town house is still a mystery. Colonel Powell thereanent cruelly misquotes Pope, and says:—

'Tis not that he's beautiful, wondrous, or rare,
But the mystery is how the devil he got there.

This animal was thirty-two inches high—a very respectable size. A wild boar has been seen forty-two inches high; but it is very seldom that a hunter comes across one of over thirty-six inches. We have not space to quote the thrilling account of a fight witnessed between a boar and a tiger. We can only tell the sequel. "Getting his forefoot on the tiger's prostrate body, the boar now gave two or three short ripping gashes with his strong white tusks, almost disembowelling his foe, and then, exhausted seemingly by the effort, apparently giddy and sick, he staggered aside, and lay down panting and champing his tusks, but still defiant, with his head to the foe. But the tiger was sick unto death." The tiger

was no worn-out beast. He was young and lusty. When both animals were exhausted, the spectators shot the twain. Pig-sticking has its bards as well as its historians. We quote a stanza from a hunting-song by one of them:—

There's bliss in the scholar's love [? love], my boys,
In wine and in golden store, my boys,
But the joys of the whole do not thrill the soul
Like the rush of the charging boar, my boys.

Colonel Powell explains at length what breed of horses should be ridden on a pig-sticking expedition. He also tells us what kind of dogs, if any, should be taken on the same errand, but he thinks that dogs are not required, and had better be left behind. He even gives a table of expenses for the information of those "gentlemen in England" whom he may have fired with a longing to stick the courageous and wily hog. In fact, he gives every needful information how to hunt the brave beast when living, and how to stuff him when dead. Neither does he confine himself to a description of boar-hunting in India. He gives minute information as to how the sport is conducted in Northern and South-Eastern Africa, in New Zealand, Australia, and Hawaii. He transcribes the rules of the many pig-sticking clubs in India. We subjoin a few of those of the Nuggar and Deccan Hunts. They are practical and concise:—

1. The master always to be obeyed.
2. Silence at the jungle side. No moving after being once posted.
3. No followers or spare horses to be allowed at the cover side.
6. Any one taking first spear is, if possible, to follow up his pig until it is killed.
9. Any rider jostling another, or carrying his spear improperly, to be fined one gold mohur.
11. Any member shooting a pig to be expelled the Club.

The illustrations to this book are as good and spirited as the letterpress.

Mr. Ashe's book is a record of missionary enterprise in Equatorial Africa. In 1882 he set out with a party of missionaries, journeying to various stations in the interior of Africa by way of Zanzibar. "For thorough misery and complete discomfort that twelve days' struggle against the Monsoon" surpassed anything that can be conceived. The Wagogo savages with whom the party soon came in contact were a very fierce set of warriors, who wear a thong of hide round their waists, which falls down behind and gives them the appearance of wearing tails. The women often insert in their ears a piece of wood which looks like a large draughtman. Sometimes they substitute for this piece of wood the pear-shaped end of a bottle gourd, a husk of Indian corn, a snuffbox, the handle of a teapot, a cartridge case, or the "bishop" belonging to a set of chessmen. But we must not dwell too long with this interesting tribe. We must hurry on to make acquaintance with the two monarchs who give their name to the book. The high-tempered courage, the noble spirit of martyrdom, and the cruel death of Bishop Hannington are too fresh in the minds and hearts of our readers to need recapitulation here. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Ashe writes with a full and generous appreciation of the great qualities of the Christian hero. Of Mtesa, "the causer of tears," we read that, with all his cruelty, he was a man who possessed many fine qualities. He was courteous and generous to Europeans, but he did not like the missionary's intrusion upon him of religious subjects. He shot his wives, and practised obscenities too revolting to be described. Mwanga, his successor, had a wild passion for shedding blood. He would not listen to any arguments about religion which were not presented to him in a humorous or ludicrous light, and this Mr. Ashe found himself both unable and unwilling to do. The good missionary's experiences were chiefly those of blood and slaughter, which it may be necessary to recall, but which are inexpressibly painful to read about. Mr. Ashe is no optimist in his recollections of the dark continent. He thinks that, "if you can respect and love a man after living with him in Africa, it means that, in no small degree, he has the highest qualities. . . . Africa proves a man, and he who issues unscathed from that furnace is pure gold indeed." The following observations in reference to the German operations on the coast are well worth consideration:—

If the poor Indians are ruined by the Germans, and can no longer lend to the Arab traders as in former times, at least some compensation may be found in the fact that it will probably result in lessening the power of the Arabs for slave-hunting; and, though I sympathize with our Indian fellow-subjects, I have seen too much of the bitter sufferings of the victims of these Arab traders to make me regret anything which cuts off even one source of supplying them in their inhuman traffic.

The fluency of Mr. Ashe's religious convictions is untinctured with any alloy of bigotry and narrow-mindedness. He speaks with generous gratitude of the assistance and protection afforded him by the Roman Catholic missionaries, and doubts whether we are justified in sending missionaries at all to countries which they cannot reach without being armed. He has some scruples of conscience as to whether he ought to have purchased some mangoes and oranges on a Sunday; but, like the colonel of a hussar regiment who some years ago was condemned by public opinion for flogging one of his soldiers on the Lord's Day, our good missionary had no idea that it was Sunday at all until the act was achieved. "Whether or not," he naively remarks, "I should have abstained from the purchase had I known the day, it is needless to inquire." The feudal titles given to some of the African nobles can hardly fail to raise a smile. That of Earl of Singo is only one degree less absurd than that of Marquis of Marmelade. Mr.

* *Pig-Sticking or Hog-Hunting*. By Colonel R. S. S. Baden-Powell, 13th Hussars, Author of "Reconnaissance and Scouting" &c. Illustrated by the Author. London: Harrison & Sons.

Two Kings of Uganda. By Robert P. Ashe, M.A., F.R.G.S. With Map and Illustrations. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Eric and Connie's Cruise in the South Pacific. By Captain C. F. De M. Malan, R.N. With Illustrations. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Ashe's grammar is sometimes amusing. He tells us that a certain Sebwa was a tender-hearted man, "and I recollect when they killed Lugalama, he was moved to tears when he came to see me some time afterwards."

The story of Eric and Connie Egerton's cruise in the South Pacific is dull reading. It is not a sober book of travels, for some of the scenes are laid in an undiscovered island. It is far too tame for a book of adventures. It will utterly fail to satisfy boyish readers fed upon the works of Mr. Ballantyne or Mr. Kingston. But the author writes with a full *connaissance de cause* which should have enabled him to give his juvenile readers a simple or instructive narrative of facts. Young people will find Eric and Connie very much in the way. They would rather read of the islands and of their natives without the presence of these unamusing interlopers. The illustrations are almost ludicrously bad.

ROBBERY UNDER ARMS.*

IF any one's idle curiosity prompts him to know what the transpontine drama was like in England some two generations ago, he may turn to this long-winded book, which purports to be a story of life and adventure in the Bush and in the Australian goldfields at about the same period of time, or a little later. The wickedness of the wicked is on a much larger scale than that practised in the mother country, and "the local colouring" is, of course, essentially different; but the characters of the wicked are identical. And this is not a little odd, that a series of commonplace English plays half a century old, in which all the leading characters are thoroughly, unheroically bad, their manners and language sometimes disgusting, and always theatrical, but never dramatic, should fairly represent the actual life of some convicts in the Australian Bush as late as the space of time which lies between the years 1850 and 1860. Nor is this verisimilitude to be altogether attributed to the craft of the story-teller; for the stories he tells are authentic, and in some cases, with only the change of the principal players' names, are copied direct from Australian newspapers, and other local sources, the details having been sworn to by eye-witnesses in the local Courts. The writer, with that modesty which belongs to an author who has achieved some provincial success, trusts that his "over true tale" will do no discredit to the rising reputation of Australian romance; but at the same time begs it to be understood that, though it is presented in the guise of fiction, "this Chronicle of the Marston family must not be set down by the reader as wholly fanciful or exaggerated; much of the narrative is literally true, as can be verified by official records." There need be no doubt about it—for it is a matter of the very smallest moment; but, if there could be any doubt, Mr. Rolf Boldrewood—if that be the author's name—has taken the best means to dispel it, for he puts the main part of the story into the mouth of one of his leading ruffians, who tells it in the first person singular, with that damnable iteration which engenders the most offensive familiarity, which is followed by a result that is at once inevitable and natural. The story is of inordinate length; the principal incidents are stealing at odd times more than a thousand head of cattle, including "an imported bull, Fifteenth Duke of Cambridge," hiding them in places which the mounted police could not possibly discover, changing or "faking" their brands, then marching the whole mob several hundred miles from New South Wales to Adelaide, and selling them in the open market in the coolest way. This little job, owing to the "Fifteenth Duke of Cambridge," lands two of the gallant "cattle duffers" in an up-country gaol, from which, however, they manage to make their escape in an effectual but purely conventional way. The distinction thus acquired raises the ambition of these Government gentry, who are now above such tricks as stealing imported bulls and horses; and, after passing some time in retreat, are resolved to fly at higher game—they "bail up" the Goulburn coach, and bag some 400*l.* or more in what is regarded as a very clever, workmanlike style. After lying quiet in their favourite cave, "after a comfortable time" they again take the road, their ideas having enlarged with their experience; and, in a manner that rouses the indignation of the whole country and the admiration of the wicked, they proceed to rob a country bank in the middle of the day, having previously locked up the local policeman in one of his own cells, and leave the manager and his clerk bound hand and foot. They again ride off in triumph with a heavy swag, and have "a good time with the girls lower down" before again going into retreat. Here they once more give themselves up to contemplation, the result of which was that "we were to stick up the next monthly gold escort." That was all. "We knew it would be a heavy one, and trusted to our luck to get clear off with the gold, and then take ship for Honolulu or San Francisco. A desperate chance; but we were desperate men. We had tried to work hard and honest. We had done so for best part of a year; but no, they wouldn't have us that way." On this occasion the bag consisted of about 14,000 oz. of gold. "It wasn't so bad"—the whole being got by the murder of only one man. After this exploit the book becomes insipid. The great disappointment of the book is, that the miscreant who here records his own and his companions' crimes, after being very

properly condemned to die an ignominious death, is not hanged after all, but obtains a free pardon; is "quietly and privately married" to the girl who always adored him, and lives happy with her ever after "on the Barcoo in Queensland."

ENGLISH PRESBYTERIANISM.*

PRESBYTERIANISM has never taken any strong hold on Englishmen; it had a brief day of power, during which the country grew heartily sick of it, and then it entered on a long period of contempt, weakness, division, and heresy. To those who are attached to the cause its history must therefore be a melancholy study. Nor will they find their spirits raised by the Rev. A. H. Drysdale's volume, which, while showing that its author has an accurate knowledge of many parts of his subject, is uncommonly dull and lifeless; its pages are disfigured by a senseless use of italics and capitals, and contain frequent extracts printed in small type. The first part, which is devoted to an attempt to prove the existence of Presbyterianism here and elsewhere from very early times, contains several errors and misrepresentations. We begin with the ancient British Church and Saints Alban and "Amphiballus" (*sic*), and are told that the earliest record of their martyrdoms, which have of course nothing to do with the subject in hand, is given by Gildas. This is only true of the very doubtful Amphibalus; for the biographer of St. Germanus, who wrote about a century before Gildas, tells us how the bishop worshipped at the tomb of the martyred St. Alban, and carried away a relic. From St. Alban we pass to the three British "Bishops" at the Council of Arles; the inverted commas are Mr. Drysdale's, who wishes to imply by them that Restitutius of London and his fellows were not bishops in the ordinary sense of the word; indeed, he says that they were "preaching Presbyters, or pastors presiding [the italics, of course, are his] over individual congregations." We note, by the way, that he seems to believe that preaching is the highest of the priestly functions. His contention appears to be that these bishops did not belong to an order separate from, and superior to, the priesthood, and he takes good care not to refer to the words which follow the notice of Adelfius, Bishop of Caerleon—"Exinde Sacerdos presbyter; Arminius diaconus," the Bishop came to the Council attended by one of either order of the inferior clergy, "cum clericis suis." Again, he maintains that the canon ordering that seven, or at least three, bishops should assist at an episcopal ordination accords better "with a Presbyterian than with a Prelatical theory of the Church"—which is absurd. If he really thinks that the bishops of the Roman world in the fourth century were in any way subject to a Board of presbyters, or were not held to be of far greater dignity than simple priests, or were not invested with peculiar and ample authority over their churches, he is strangely ignorant of ecclesiastical history. "A Cathedral system was undreamt of." Just so; especially at Carthage, where nearly five hundred clergy belonged to the Episcopal Church. To go on to what he says of medieval times, it will scarcely be believed that, in a sentence which has no grammatical end, he advances the opinion that the exempt monasteries were proofs of the survival of "presbyterial tradition." We should like to know what he means by talking of the "Lollard Church"; the term is ridiculous, for Wycliffe did not found a Church. Lastly—for, much as there is to note in them, we must not dwell too long on these first few pages—he formulates the constitutional effect of the suppression of the monasteries in the surprising remark that the Three Estates of the Realm ceased to be "King, Clergy, and Laity," and became "King, Lords, and Commons."

When Mr. Drysdale gets to later times he appears to us, heartily as we disagree with much that he says, to have a good knowledge of his subject. He certainly attributes far too large a share in the corrections made in the first Prayer-Book of Edward VI. to the direct interference of Bucer. That the opinions of Bucer and other foreign divines had a strong indirect influence on the revisers we do not deny; but it will be found that the Bishops had already adopted some of the alterations proposed in the *Scripta Anglicana*, and that they rejected others, and it is a mistake to represent Cranmer as merely "wielding the pen," while Bucer supplied matter, and even "guided his hand." After recounting how Presbyterian views took their rise in England, and marking the effect produced by the return of the Marian exiles, Mr. Drysdale passes to the "formative period" of Presbyterianism, which he dates from the work of the Convocation of 1563 to the promulgation of the Directory in 1583, and gives an account, first of the Secession of 1566-7, and then of the growth of the Presbyterian party within the Church. The members of this party attempted to obtain a system of spiritual government "mutually enforced by equals upon equals" by means of the Discipline set forth in the Directory, and of Prophesying, which tended to introduce the lay element into the Church, and to promote the rise of a system of self-government independent of the Episcopate. To the Discipline must be traced, as Mr. Drysdale points out, the endeavour of the party to establish parochial Presbyteries, while the Classis or Classical Presbytery is to be connected with the Prophesying. In the course of a

* *Robbery under Arms: a Story of Life and Adventure in the Bush and in the Goldfields of Australia.* By Rolf Boldrewood. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

* *History of the Presbyterians in England; their Rise, Decline, and Revival.* By Rev. A. H. Drysdale, M.A. London: Publication Committee of the Presbyterian Church of England. 1889.

dull, though sufficient, record of the ecclesiastical struggle of the later years of Elizabeth's reign he marks the injury which accrued to the Presbyterian cause from the more violent proceedings of the Brownists, the Family of Love, and other Sectaries, and from the vehement invectives of the Marprelate tracts. His remark that to deliver Udal to death would have been an outrage that even Whitgift was not prepared to perpetrate scarcely conveys the fact that his life was spared on the earnest intercession of the Primate. In describing the rapid increase of Presbyterian feeling during the period of King Charles's power he dwells too exclusively on ecclesiastical matters. The desire for a change in Church government was part of the general revolt against absolutism; men turned to Presbyterianism, not so much because they had a special admiration for the system as because it was closely connected with the cause of the Parliament. In this are involved both the glory and the weakness of English Presbyterianism. It encouraged and expressed the determination of the leaders of the Parliamentary party to restore constitutional government. But as a system it had no hold on the affections of the nation at large; its work was done when the country was stirred to resistance, and it was willingly cast aside as an obstacle to further progress. Laud's work is, of course, unfairly represented. As archbishop he was bound to defend the Church from the attacks of Presbyterians and Sectaries, and to enforce the observance of decency and order among her ministers. We do not say that this affords a complete defence for everything that he did on her behalf, but no representation of his relations with Puritans of any persuasion can be just or adequate which does not make full allowance for his sense of duty towards the Church. To take one example only, it is obviously unjust to blame him for discouraging or preventing the establishment of lectureships, without noting that the lecturers were for the most part disloyal to the Church, and that they showed their contempt for her ordinances by habitually abstaining from taking part in the reading of the Common Prayer. Mr. Drysdale says that the chief cause of the failure of the Presbyterians to obtain a permanent acceptance of their system was that they "lost faith in the attainableness of their own ideal." We do not quite understand what he means. The fact is that those who really cared for the system found that their cause was hopeless. They had attempted to set up a spiritual tyranny, imposed on the whole nation, and enforced by Presbyterian Courts, and the nation would not bear the imposition, and found a deliverer in Cromwell's army. An attempt is made to minimize their narrowness and intolerance. Many of them, it is allowed, protested against toleration, "as it was advanced by the Sectaries"; we fail to see the force of the qualification which Mr. Drysdale italicizes. He denies that the Scots attempted to impose their own system upon England; if he will give some attention to the facts of the case he will see how utterly he is mistaken.

The decline of Presbyterianism is carefully traced, and full information will be found as to the various quarrels and defections which completed the ruin of the cause. Almost as soon as the period of their adversity had passed by the Presbyterians began to engage in contentions amongst themselves. The political importance which the Dissenters acquired at the Revolution led to the formation of a union between the Presbyterians and Independents. This union was, however, quickly broken by the Neonomian Controversy, in which Dr. Williams, the founder of the Library now in Grafton Street, played a conspicuous part. One of the results of this Controversy was, Mr. Drysdale says, a growing indifference to Gospel teaching among the Presbyterians. Before long doctrinal defection appeared, and a third of the Assembly held at Exeter in 1719 refused to subscribe to the first Article of the Church of England. A formal breach took place at the Salters' Hall meeting in the same year, and Arianism soon increased rapidly. Among the causes which favoured the spread of this defection were, Mr. Drysdale considers, the foolish prejudice which the Presbyterians entertained against subscription to tests of orthodoxy, their "disuse of and departure from the fully-developed Presbyterian government and discipline," and the state of the law with reference to Trusts, which prevented heterodox teachers from being deprived of the enjoyment of Presbyterian endowments. After the publication of Priestley's *Corruptions of Christianity*, in 1782, Presbyterian Arianism lapsed into Unitarianism. The last section of this work treats of the revival of Evangelical Presbyterianism. This revival was mainly effected through the instrumentality of the Scottish Secession, or, as it is now called, the United Presbyterian Church. It has led to the formation of a reconstituted Presbyterian body in England, which in 1888 numbered 288 congregations, under eleven Presbyteries, and appears, from the title-page of this book, to call itself by the inappropriate name of the "Presbyterian Church of England."

DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.*

WITH a fourth volume and an appendix Sir George Grove's important work has reached the long-desired end, and the *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* now lacks only the final touch of completeness which a full index can give. This, we understand, will shortly appear in an additional volume compiled by

Mrs. Wodehouse. We sincerely congratulate the editor and the eminent writers associated with him on the successful conclusion of their labours. In its earlier phases of publication the Dictionary was assailed with not a little detraction of the tiny trumpeting kind, which for a while afflicted some of those interested in the undertaking with transient filial fears; but the murmurs of the rebellious ones, at no time of serious import, became gradually hushed as the scheme of the work took shape and its varied merits became increasingly apparent. It was inevitable that errors and omissions should occur in a work so complex and comprehensive. These are rectified in the Appendix, under the keen and painstaking supervision of Mr. Fuller Maitland. A considerable portion of the supplementary labour was rendered necessary by the peculiar objects of the Dictionary that distinguish it from all other examples of our musical literature. From Hawkins and Burney to the late Sir George Macfarren, and other recent writers, we have histories of music and musical histories of various degrees of value, yet dealing with the subject within set limitations, and at this date, in several directions, imperfect authoritative guides. Sir George Grove's Dictionary embraces the whole field of music, ancient and modern, the latest developments of contemporary art and criticism; it is a chronicle of musical activity to the most recent possible fact or event of recorded moment in the world of music. Whether in every department of the work—in biography, for instance—the articles invariably fulfil the true functions of a dictionary is perhaps open to debate. We must express the hope that when a new edition is forthcoming the great names of Bach and Handel will have a more liberal allotment of space than they have received. In this particular, at least, the Dictionary does not reflect the true relations of these august masters to modern composers. Several of the more important contributions to the present volume were noticed in the *Saturday Review* on their appearance in the monthly parts. Dr. Parry's articles on the Symphony and on Variations are models of exposition, and, like all the contributions of this admirable writer, excellent in form and style. In the former we have a luminous history of the Symphony and its evolution from the examples of the elders, broadening down from precedent to precedent in Beethoven to modern processes of disintegration or departure. Dr. Parry is unwilling to regard the "symphonic poem" or "instrumental drama" of Berlioz and Liszt as derived from the Symphony. In reality, he says, they are "scarcely even offshoots from the symphonic stem." Never have we seen the essential difference between the two forms of art more convincingly established than by Dr. Parry. He says, moreover, the word in season, now that so much vague or intolerable nonsense is constantly being written on the subject, in his observations (p. 39) on what is called "programme music." Among the chief composers discussed in the fourth volume are M. Ambroise Thomas, by M. Gustav Chonquet; Verdi, by Signor Mazzucato; Wagner, by Mr. Dannreuther; and Weber, by Dr. Ph. Spitta. Of theorists and composers, some of whom were virtuosos, we have notable articles in Herr Paul David's Tartini, Mr. Dannreuther's Tausig, Mr. Louis Engel's Thalberg, and the Abbé Vogler and Josef Wolf of the Rev. J. H. Mee. Dr. Spitta's "Weber" is from all aspects one of the best biographical articles in the Dictionary. Mr. W. S. Rockstro is responsible for the article on the old method of notation known as Tablature, on Thorough Bass, on the Tonal Fugue, and on Time considered in relation to rhythm—all of which exhibit the learning and exactness of definition and illustration that distinguish the writer. For the rest, it is only necessary to mention the very interesting articles on the Violin by Mr. E. J. Payne, on the Virginal by Mr. Hopkins, on Virginal Music by Mr. Barclay Squire, and Mr. John Thomas's too brief discussion of Welsh Music.

The somewhat bulky Appendix is naturally swollen by corrections and additions necessitated by the lapse of time and other obvious causes. In some instances the additions to previous articles are considerable, as in the useful catalogue from Nottebohm in the Beethoven article, in the articles on Liszt and Mozart, and in Mr. Barclay Squire's further researches into the life and works of William Boyd, the madrigalist. One of the most singular omissions in the past is now repaired by the graceful notice of Signor Boito from the pen of Signor Mazzucato, who relates the true and strange story of *Mefistofele*, and gives a suggestive sketch of the fastidious genius and his idiosyncrasies. Reparation is also made to Benoit and Delibes by M. Adolphe Julien, who is truly critical in his treatment of the Flemish composer; to Auguste Dupont by Mr. Fuller Maitland, somewhat inadequately; and to Dvořák, also by Mr. Fuller Maitland, who in this instance discharges his task capably, and with distinction. Among purely technical subjects treated in the Appendix, the most important are Mr. Rockstro's articles on the Gregorian Tones and on Part-Writing. Mr. H. E. Wooldridge deals with a subject of great popular interest in his article on the musical settings of metrical Psalters in English, illustrating a richly suggestive theme efficiently. A mere survey of the Appendix sufficiently indicates how notable is its relation to the body of the Dictionary, and how far it departs from the character common to such supplements. The careful editing this Appendix reveals is, after all, only what was demanded in compiling the necessary complement to a great enterprise. Yet is the result not the less creditable to Mr. Fuller Maitland's zeal and energy.

* *A Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. Edited by Sir George Grove, D.C.L. Vol. IV. With an Appendix, edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

PARROTS.*

LIVES there a man with soul so dead that he feels no pleasure in contemplating the plumage of pretty birds? There are, no doubt, people who not only have no ear for music but who positively dislike it. And there may be some who see no beauty in gorgeous colouring, however harmonious. But they must be rare, even more rare than the "Hawk-headed or Ruffed parrot," whose portrait forms the frontispiece to Dr. Greene's third volume, and of which he says that it is so scarce that a pair would be well worth 20*l*. Turning over the pages of this volume, we find nothing quite so delicately lovely as the Bourke's parakeet in the first, or showing such splendid contrasts as the *Pittacus pulcherrimus* in the second, but the Rock Pepler runs them very close, with its lemon and russet wings and its dark grey tail, nor is the Quaker, with its soft green and clove colour, far behind. For mere gorgeousness there is nothing in any of the volumes to beat the Blue Mountain Lory in the first; but in the new issue there are two parakeets—Barnard's and the Yellow Nape—which will rival anything else. The odd appearance of the Hawkhead, already mentioned, is balanced by that of the "Gang-Gang"—a black, or nearly black, cockatoo, with a scarlet head and crest, a most forbidding general aspect, and a reputation for killing and eating guinea-pigs. But the New Zealand "Kea," or Mountain parrot, has the worst reputation of all. It has a long, sharp beak, wholly unlike that of an ordinary parrot, and, according to the reports, it is used to kill sheep on a mountain run. It is hard to believe this story, and Dr. Greene evidently looks on it with great suspicion. The three that have been in the Parrot House at the Zoological Gardens have "preferred Indian corn to mutton." Another ugly bird is the Goliath Aratoo, a large black cockatoo with bare pink cheeks. The Vasa parrot is also plain purplish black; but Dr. Greene gives it a fairly good character, as being hardy, long-lived, domestic, and gentle. One of this species, which was figured by Harvey in Bennett's *Menagerie* as long ago as 1830, survived till 1880. As Dr. Greene sagely observes, some birds "submit, if not with pleasure at least with perfect resignation, to a life of captivity, and refuse to return to a state of nature when the opportunity for doing so is presented to them." He illustrates this observation with an account of two Vasas, which were placed together in a large aviary, and which, after prolonged warfare, became tolerable friends, until one died by an accident, when the other became more savage and irreclaimable than ever. But when he was taken from the aviary and placed in a small cage he became much happier in his mind, and eventually turned out a "very amiable and companionable bird." Dr. Greene has observed on various occasions that a parrot has been unhappy in a large space where he could fly about, and showed evident signs of satisfaction "when restored to the narrower precincts of the accustomed cage."

Readers of Dr. Greene's former volumes will not be surprised to find that the introduction to this one consists of an essay in answer to the question, "Do Parrots Drink?" As it seems that in some great aviaries and menageries it is not thought necessary to give the parrots water, and that nevertheless some of them are known to have survived for half a century, the question is not yet settled. Nor does Dr. Greene devote much space to it, but goes off into a passage on talking and the ways of teaching articulate speech. Incidentally he tells some pleasant anecdotes, as of a cardinal who gave a hundred golden crowns for a bird that could repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed; or of the lady who said "O Polly, why did you bite my boy?" to which Polly promptly replied, "Serve him right." We then come to the Hawk-headed parrot, and Dr. Greene mentions the name of Mr. Lydon as that of the artist to whom he is indebted for the beautiful and accurate coloured engravings of each species described. Unfortunately there is hardly a picture in the whole book which we do not prefer to that of the Hawkhead. No doubt the necessity for accuracy in delineating every feather of so rare and curious a bird must be an excuse for the hardness of the picture. "Pinto," as Dr. Greene calls his specimen, seems to be a very civilized and interesting animal. His ruff is usually worn level, being only raised when he is excited. Pinto was sent to a Crystal Palace Show, and Dr. Greene seems very indignant that the judges took no notice of him, and vows that "he will not be sent there again, for he was very much upset by the whole affair and especially by the rude gaze and rude remarks of such an unwonted number of strangers." For a long time after he would not come out of his cage. Towards the end of the account of Pinto, Dr. Greene, who, by the way, always uses the editorial "We," mentions that he has acquired another bird of this species, which talks as well as a grey, and has a long repertoire of tricks, rolling on its back, tossing a pebble with its feet, and standing on its head in a corner of the cage. If Mr. Lydon's portrait is not a great success it is fully atoned by the next plate which represents that beautiful but ill-named parakeet, the *Pittacus pileatus* of Gould, the "platycerque à bonnet rouge" of the French naturalists. That a bird adorned with all the colours of the rainbow and others should have, as in the case of Dr. Greene's specimen, to be referred to as "Pilate" seems a pity, the more so

as "pileated" implies something of a cap, or toppin, whereas this exquisite bird has not even a crest. Pilate, like Pinto, has been exhibited at the Crystal Palace, also without attracting the notice of the judges. Yet, in this country at least, the Pileated parakeet seems to be very rare. Dr. Greene thinks it is allied, in habits especially, with the ground parrots, and it has long legs, and runs nimbly. It has one extremely good quality besides its beauty, for "it is not noisy in the least degree." We have already mentioned the beautiful drawing of Barnard's parakeet and that of the Quaker. This last-named comes from South America, where it is found on the mountain ranges as high up as three or four thousand feet; but the most remarkable peculiarity of the Quaker parakeet is that it departs entirely from the habits of all its congeners, and builds a nest of twigs among the branches of a tree. Most parrots, as is well known, "make their breeding burrows in the hollow limbs or trunks of trees, or, in a few instances, in the ground or under the roots of a tree." The Quaker's nest is very large and has no lining, and, from Dr. Greene's account, the birds seem to use it both as a habitation and a place of incubation. A pair which flew about at liberty built in a fir-tree and brought up a brood of four; but they strayed and did not return. If they could but be protected, there is no reason why the Quaker should not become a common bird in England, and he would be a more pleasing object flying about wild than in a cage, for he is terribly noisy.

The middle of the volume is occupied by some beautifully coloured, but not very graceful, lories, and the latter part with some Amazon parrots, one or two of which are almost ugly. But for brilliance of colour the finest plate is that of the New Guinea Eclectus. A mystery which has lately been cleared up long hung over the identity of these parrots. The male is wholly different from the female, and, strange to say, is more soberly clad. He is green, with a patch of red on either side, and with blue quill feathers and an orange beak. She, on the other hand, is bright scarlet, with a kind of blue waistcoat and a black beak. Naturalists never suspected the affinity of the two birds till Dr. Meyer, of Dresden, discovered that what had always been looked upon as two different species "stood to each other in the relationship of husband and wife." Following the Eclectus we come to the Jamaica parrot, which we cannot admire with Dr. Greene, who calls it a handsome bird; to the Red-throated, White-fronted Amazon, whose name is a description; and then to the prettiest of this class, the Yellow-naped Amazon, one of the best talkers in the world. In fact, it is a question whether this kind does not occasionally excel the grey parrot himself. It has also the advantage of being extremely hardy and of attaining to a great—literally a green—old age. One has often been identified as the friend of three generations of the same house. But the most long-lived bird mentioned by Dr. Greene was a Salmon-crested cockatoo, which had been nearly one hundred years in the possession of a family when Herr F. Schmidt, of Berlin, bought it, and it lived with him for nineteen years, and then died, not from old age, but from the effects of an accident. This cockatoo concludes the third volume of Dr. Greene's delightful work, and we are glad to observe that he makes some mention of the possibility of a fourth. If so, he will lay his readers under still greater obligation by adding a classified list of genera and species, as it is not given to us all to be able to remember the peculiarity and habitat of every parrot, parakeet, lory, conure, amazon, cockatoo, cockatiel, budgerigar, and macaw.

L'ESPOSIZIONE ITALIANA.*

THE last Italian Exhibition was, without doubt, the finest unofficial exhibition ever organized. It had an air of importance and solidity about it, which its recent successor, the Spanish, unfortunately lacks. In many of its departments it was as excellent as could possibly be, and if it was not so complete in others, the fault rests rather with the authorities in Rome than with the organizers in London. Mr. John R. Whitley, the Director-General, proved himself worthy of the great work he had undertaken. No doubt the illuminated gardens, the bands of music, and the remarkable spectacle of the Emperor Titus and his Court, opening nightly an immense but most realistic Colosseum of lath and plaster, were the features of the show which proved most attractive; but the various exhibits of a more serious character were deeply interesting, and the carved furniture and ceramics were so beautiful, and, above all, so ridiculously cheap as to open out quite a new commerce between England and Italy. The rather bulky volume which gives minute details of the manner in which Mr. Whitley and his colleagues managed to create the Exhibition and bring it to a triumphant close contains a good deal of valuable information as to Italian commerce and trade. Although published by an English firm, like the play which proved so disquieting to the peace of mind of Hamlet's mother and stepfather, it is written in choice Italian, and contains surprisingly few faults of orthography. As a record of an emphatic success, which, under happier circumstances—a dry summer, for instance, and an absence of important deaths in the Royal Family—would have been even greater than it was, it is of

* *Parrots in Captivity*. By W. T. Greene, M.A., M.D. Vol. III. London: Bell.

* *L'Esposizione Italiana di Londra—Relazione*. Londra: Waterlow & Sons.

interest. We certainly owe Mr. Whitley and his friends a debt of gratitude for pleasant days and evenings spent at West Brompton among *roba d'Italia* of no mean description. The Italians, too, ought not to forget the excellent results of this Exhibition to their commerce. It dispersed, among the lower orders especially, many silly prejudices, and it did perhaps more than a thousand books to popularize with the masses the most charming and romantic country in the world. But the commercial advantages were so solid that many of those who exhibited have since established themselves in London. Certain art industries which the Italians understand better than any other people in the world have begun to flourish here with deserved success since "L'Esposizione Italiana" first introduced them among us, to the exhilarating strains of "Finiculi Finicula." It is surprising how much solid business can be effected to a lively tune.

NATURAL RELIGION.*

MR. MAX MÜLLER'S new book, *Natural Religion*, contains the twenty lectures which he delivered in Glasgow from the Gifford Chair. Even the most economical Scot will admit that Glasgow got her, or rather Lord Gifford's, money's worth. It is improbable that many lecturers will produce a volume so large, so closely packed with ideas and arguments, and so valuable as a statement of the opinions entertained by a celebrated student. His work begins with an introductory and autobiographical essay, in which he praises the Pious Founder, and gives a sketch of his own literary life and the growth of his opinions. The next four lectures deal with Definitions of Religion, including his own. That leads to a discussion of the Infinite in Nature, in Man, and in the Self. These may first be briefly considered. An instructive examination of the names for religion in various languages is succeeded by a sketch of various philosophical definitions, chiefly German, and more space is devoted to the singularly unseductive theory of Professor Gruppe. "His argument seems to be this, that religion is something so irrational, not to say absurd, that it could have been invented once, and once only, in the whole history of mankind." Mistaken Professor Gruppe! Anything that is irrational, not to say absurd, is quite certain to have been invented by man everywhere, and as soon as ever he got a chance. This leads to a discussion of the Universality of Religion, where Roskoff has a most easy victory over Sir John Lubbock. Then coming to Mr. Max Müller's own definition, we approach it through a criticism of "all our Ego-knowledge," all of which has its roots in "the universal soil of sensuous experience." Now experience is only possible through limit and the unlimited, the Finite and the Infinite. Mr. Max Müller here endeavours to show that the Infinite, in Melanesia and among the natives of North America, finds a name in *Mana* and *Manito*, "the Beyond," while *Aditi* does duty for the Infinite in the Rig-Veda, probably being an extension of a term for the Dawn. The conscious, explicit idea of the Infinite was thrust, as it were, on human thought by semitangible and intangible objects—as trees, mountains, rivers. True, we may say, a tree is tangible enough, "but its deepest roots are beyond our reach; its highest branches tower high above our head." It may, indeed, be replied that when man could not dig up, nor cut down, nor climb a tree, he may scarcely have been in an intellectual state fitting him to muse on its "mysterious life." But we are stating Mr. Müller's ideas, not criticizing them. Clouds, moon, stars, sky, are still more suggestive of what is oddly called "a visible infinite." For, all visions being essentially bounded, a visible infinite is like a contradiction in terms.

The tangible objects "lent themselves to no religious development," for "fetishism or the worship of stones or bones is a retrogressive, not a progressive, religious development." But the semi-tangible objects became Dryads, Nereids, and so forth; while the intangible objects, as sky, "grew mostly into great gods." In Man, too, there is an infinite, the Life, or Spirit; and that became divine in ancestor worship; finally leading to "a father of all fathers—that is, a creator of mankind, if not of the world."

Here Mr. Max Müller comes pretty near Mr. Tylor's theory. To be sure Mr. Tylor advances by steps of ghost, dream, trance, shadow, while Mr. Müller speaks of "the perception of something infinite or immortal in our parents." "A man of ordinary understanding . . . would rather be inclined to believe that what he had known, and loved, and called his father or mother must be somewhere, though no longer in the body." Why should he think this? Mr. Tylor tries to show us the steps by which this idea was reached; Mr. Max Müller merely says that the supposition was natural. As he often (and rather unjustly) reproaches his opponents for not explaining why, or how, the attribute of supernatural force was attached to "fetishes," he might himself explain why it was "natural" to believe in the permanence of the spirits of the dead. Does Mr. Max Müller, or does he not, accept Mr. Tylor's theory? In any case it is to be noted that he now lays much more stress on this element of religion than he did in his *Hibbert Lectures*. Lastly, the "self" in Man, reflected on, suggests psychological deities, such as the Brahmanic *Atma*, Self, the germ of Buddhism.

The greater gods and ancestral spirits apparently were now endowed with morality. Thus, after long wanderings, we reach (apparently) a definition of religion as "those perceptions of the Infinite which are able to influence the moral character of man." Religion is "a psychological necessity." Man is so constituted that, by the very nature of his perceptions, he was compelled to be religious. Religion is "not, as Positivist philosophers maintain, a mere hallucination or priestly fraud."

Here Mr. Max Müller contrasts his own method, which he calls "historical," with that of certain opponents, which he calls "theoretical." And here, having stated Mr. Müller's earlier ideas as plainly as our space admits of, we shall venture to re-monstrate with him for his treatment of opponents. Many of them entirely agree with him that religion was a psychological necessity. They deal less in metaphysics; but they say, with him, that man, being conscious of a limit to his knowledge, sensuous and rational, and of somewhat beyond the limit, had no choice but to people the beyond with the Divine. No men who retain a belief in the Government of the World will deny that this necessity was part of the education of man. So far we, at least, have no quarrel with Mr. Max Müller. But is he quite fair, after all, to his opponents? He calls them, or at least we understand him to call them, when they are anthropologists, members of the "theoretic school." Now, they regard their method as historical. He says they "begin with an ideal conception of what man must have been in the beginning." Yet some of them, at least, repeatedly deny that they know anything at all about the "beginning." Angel or ape, *nullo discrimine agetur*. They aver that, while man in the beginning is unknown, yet all the races which we can examine have clearly been what Mr. Max Müller will not call savages, but what he permits us to call People of Nature, Nature Folk. Or, if this be thought too daring an hypothesis, at least all races whom we know much of have been extremely influenced by the ideas and practices common to Nature Folk in all stages, such as Australians, Bushmen, Bechuanas, and so forth. If this be true, then many peculiarities of civilized peoples may be elucidated by what we learn of the ideas common to Nature Folk and of their mental condition. Surely this is very far from "beginning with an ideal conception of what man must have been in the beginning."

Once more (p. 87) Mr. Max Müller actually writes that there is one "article of the anthropologist faith—namely, that savages, who are far more changeable than civilized races, are stereotyped once for all and unchangeable." It is not easy either to account for or characterize this astonishing remark. As far as Anthropology has an article of faith it is that civilized races have, at least to a very great extent, been evolved at some period through the condition of "savages." That is to say, the dogma is, not that savages are unchangeable, but that they are changeable. Moreover, all anthropologists have constantly to point out changes in savage art, religion, and customs. We see the gourd developed into the pot, the beaten fibres into the woven web. We see the growth of new myths introduced to explain new problems of new knowledge. We see the family developed and changed, the movement to male from female kindred, the substitution of descent from an heroic ancestor for descent from a plant or animal or other object. Thus Mr. Max Müller accuses his anthropological adversaries of believing the very opposite of their creed. He modifies this (p. 200) where one school of anthropologists is said to derive civilization from the lowest savagery, while another school recognizes "in the savage of to-day 'the unchanged representative of the primordial savage.' But who does this? Is it not admitted that the very lowest Australian must have advanced greatly from a lower Australian who had no boomerang? About primordial people we know nothing, but we do know that the Australian probably did not come into the world with a boomerang in his hand and his marriage laws in his head. To say that he did so, is to be theoretical, not historical.

The truth is that Mr. Max Müller frequently argues at persons whom he never names. We do not even know in many cases whom he can have had in his mind. Where are we to read the doctrines of those strange theorists who are to Mr. Max Müller what "the Atheist" is to the heated pulpiteer? How can Mr. Max Müller's Glasgow audience estimate the ideas of unnamed persons to whose works no reference is given? They listen to Mr. Max Müller, and go home believing that intelligent anthropologists hold the very opposite of their actual creed.

Zealous as he is for the historical method, Mr. Max Müller bases his own system of mythology on a theory, true or false, of the origin of speech. Men engaged in combined industries; they uttered the same shouts as they worked, these shouts became the signs of the work, "the origin of conceptual language." How does Mr. Max Müller know all this? He says "we know people in a primitive state accompany most of their common acts by sounds." Was there ever such logic! Mr. Max Müller first contends that savages are not "primitive nor primordial" (as, of course, they are not), and then he says he does know how people behave in a primitive state. Where are these people? If they are nature folk, why does he blame anthropologists for regarding nature folk as in a state, not primitive indeed, but much more backward than that of civilized folk? Either we may try to elucidate the earlier stages of religion by the faiths of nature folk, or Mr. Max Müller must not try to elucidate the beginnings of language by their conduct. He cannot have it

* *Natural Religion*. By F. Max Müller, K.M. London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

both ways. If people who accompany most of their common acts by sounds prove that the first ancestors of man did so, then the religious beliefs of the same people cannot be rejected as evidences as to the first beliefs of the ancestors of man. Mr. Max Müller, in short, cannot call this witness, and refuse to let anthropologists call him. Perhaps at Glasgow they had logic enough to see this; perhaps they had not.

But does he really call the witness? If a theoretical anthropologist wished to prove that the origin of speech was the *clamor concomitans* of early men at work, he would produce many instances of nature folk who do combined work, accompanied by *clamor concomitans*. And then Mr. Max Müller would say, "It does not matter what these people do; they are not representatives of primordial man." And, indeed, it does not matter. But Mr. Max Müller does not even give us examples of people "in a primitive state accompanying most of their common acts by sounds." And this is the Historical, as opposed to the Theoretical, Method! So historical, so untheoretical, is Mr. Max Müller that he actually tells us the origin of Totemism, an institution so far behind us in time that even Mr. McLennan refused to hazard an hypothesis about it. Mr. Müller's hypothesis assumes, apparently, that men could draw or engrave or tattoo plants and animals before they were Totemists. Is this not theoretical (p. 522), or what possible proof can be adduced?

So it is throughout. The "historical method" relies on a theory, the theory that before man could speak he combined in labour, and accompanied his labour by *clamor concomitans*. Proof is said to be derived from the conduct of people in a primitive state; and yet we are constantly reminded that such people can no longer be found. Granting the truth of the theory, it is most ingeniously used to explain mythical thought and language. But it is odd to find the school which is all for history, and accuses adversaries of being theoretical, reposing on such a couch of conjecture.

It is impossible here to examine the whole of Mr. Max Müller's lectures; but it may be said that, when discussing M. Renouf's theory of the Egyptian *Nutar*, the criticism of M. Maspero might at least have been mentioned. In the same way Mr. Max Müller's belief that Ahanâ = Athene might have been contrasted with the views of Curtius, Preller, and Bergaigne; while the opposition of Mannhardt and Curtius to the elucidation of certain myths by certain etymologies might have been mentioned. It can hardly be necessary to add that the ideas of religion among Nature-folk which we derive from Hottentot hymns and Maori karakias are on another level of evidence than the information about Christianity which Cetewayo might have gleaned from a coalheaver. (P. 217.) For it is not from Cetewayo, but from traditional hymns and ritual, and from prayers, where these can be obtained, that we derive our best knowledge of religion among nature-folk.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

MR. J. J. WEISS (1) so seldom collects in a book any of his literary or dramatic criticisms that when he does the result is unusually interesting. Indeed, it may possibly be found worth more notice than we can give it in this particular place. The volume—made up entirely of short papers—has three divisions, which may or may not be regarded as "natural." One is headed "1830," and deals with Scribner, Dumas, and Hugo; another "1852," practically covering the whole Empire time, and going down to M. Feuille's *Roman parisien*, but principally dealing with M. Dumas fils and M. Sardou; the third more recent and rather miscellaneous in subject. As a critic of the form of literature, of the form of plays, M. Weiss no doubt has his superiors; but he has an astonishing faculty of penetration as to thought and matter, the works and ways of men. Here is a curiously vivid statement, not, it may be, of a truth, but of what is held by almost all Frenchmen for a truth. He imagines himself sitting with two ladies, one an Austrian Jewess, one a South American, at a representation of *Odette*. "Leur race," he says, "les met toutes deux à l'abri de nos idées littéraires acquises." It is one of M. Weiss's good points that you never quite know when he is speaking for himself and when dramatically. But nothing is happier than the phrase as to French "idées littéraires acquises"; and nothing is better founded, according to French ways of thinking, than the remark about "race." It is, for instance, the rarest possible thing to find a Frenchman who will treat seriously a non-Frenchman's estimate of any great French author. He may splutter at it, he may smile superior at it, but in his heart is convinced that it is a matter of "race" that the barbarian has not, and cannot have, the "idées littéraires acquises" which are necessary for comprehension even, much more for criticism. Yet we do not remember to have seen the thing put anywhere so strikingly as in these few words. And there are many similar things in the volume.

An unconventional book on a classical subject is a rare thing, and M. Sorel's book on Socrates (2) is very unconventional. It contains, indeed, such a number of unexpected remarks that we are not too sure as to the author's final result, or whether he is Socratist or anti-Socratist. What he says about Aristophanes is capital; but when we meet a man who describes the *Symposium* and the *Republic* as "deux livres qui déshonorent le génie grec,"

(1) *Le théâtre et les mœurs*. Par J. J. Weiss. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(2) *Le procès de Socrate*. Par G. Sorel. Paris: Alcan.

we must borrow a word from his own language, and say that he "radote." The embroilment of M. Sorel's book is further embroiled by the fact that he is half his time either backing up or vigorously fighting M. Fouillée, with the assistance on one side or another of somebody else, till the reader remembers that remarkable triangular duel in the *Faerie Queene*, when, as soon as two of the knights had beaten the third, one of the victors promptly deserted to the vanquished side and turned the tables on his late ally. But M. Sorel has evidently tried to look at his subject with his own eyes, not with somebody else's, and that is a great—a very great—thing.

Bonheur manqué (3) is a very tiny and pretty little volume of love verses, some of which are good. Mr. Hamerton will be surprised to hear that they are addressed to a married woman.

As Dr. Thomas justly says, Gassendi (4) has had a good deal written about him, and still he is hardly yet put in his proper place. Another shrewd remark of M. Thomas is, that if Gassendi had cared or had been able to leave terse French treatises like his rival Descartes, instead of long ones, in diffuse and rather Corinthian Latin, he would have fared better. For ourselves, we remember diving with much pleasure into his mighty folios; but though there is really no language in the world easier and pleasanter to read than such Latin, you cannot make people think so. The real misfortune of Gassendi and his Neo-Epicureanism was that the shadow of the eighteenth-century *philosophes* has been cast back on him, while even in the seventeenth he is represented as being a *radix malorum*. Gassendi, it is said, taught Molière the free thought which some persons, not perhaps entirely fools, have never been able to perceive in Molière. Gassendi, who was a plain-living, high-thinking, and very orthodox Christian, must be responsible for the orgies at Roissy; for Saint-Evremond and the *libertins*; for heaven knows who or what. As a matter of fact, Gassendi has the not inconsiderable testimony of Newton as a physicist; his psychology, if too materialist, is exceedingly ingenious, and nobody need be afraid to take up the cudgels for his much-decried ethics. It is as a metaphysician that he leaves most, if not all, to desire. These are rather our sentiments than those of M. Thomas, but we are glad to welcome his tractate on a far too much neglected philosopher, to whom he has done justice.

M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire's discourse on the relations of philosophy to science and religion (5) is one of a well-known kind—a little florid and a little superficial in parts. A sketch, however short, of English philosophy which mentions neither Hobbes, Berkeley, Hume, nor Hamilton, and which gives Victor Cousin the *pas* with a "Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite, Graii," addressed to English and German philosophers respectively, classes itself. But the book has the cheerful, stimulating, hortatory character of much of Cousin's own work; it is well written, and its principles are sound enough.

The history of Acadia (6) is by no means uninteresting, though it is weighted with the memory of a poem which M. de Saint-Père calls *ravissant*, which ravished all England and America once, but which we beg leave to pronounce one of the most mawkish pieces of pseudo-pathetic matter in limp and unscholarly form that a man of real poetical talent ever gave to the world. But the liquorice-water of *Evangeline* ought not to take away the savour of the real heroism after a kind which the French colonists showed in struggling with their more powerful and enterprising neighbours, and which has carried them through as a distinct and recognizable folk to the present day. M. de Saint-Père's history is very minute, perhaps a little too much so, and very careful, nor need any Englishman object to its patriotism.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

STORIES there are of the inception and fashioning of books that may be classed among certain curiosities of literature not exhaustively considered by the elder Disraeli. Of such is the editorial introduction that explains, after a melodramatic opening in the manner of the late Mr. G. P. R. James, how it came about that "the original MSS. of *Sergeant Marceau*," the "Agate *Sergeant*" of history, passed into English hands, were submitted to Mignet, and now, edited by M. C. M. Simpson, appear as *Reminiscences of a Regicide* (Chapman & Hall). "Towards the end of the month of October 1846," the record runs, "an English lady and gentleman were driving rapidly along the highway," somewhere between Marseilles and Nice, "when they were stopped by two persons, who commanded the postillions, in an authoritative voice, to turn aside from the road and follow, one of them adding, 'My will is never questioned here!'" They were all carried off to an adjacent château. The person of unquestionable will proved to be Lord Brougham, who wished only to save the travellers, Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, from further experience of bad roads in a time of floods. "This fierce jailor," as he is oddly called, treated his captives right hospitably, and did not, as the romantic reader might imagine, confine them to the donjon keep of his castle. The upshot of the adventure was that Mr. and

(3) *Bonheur manqué*. Par Georges de Portoriche. Paris: Ollendorff.

(4) *La philosophie de Gassendi*. Par P. F. Thomas. Paris: Alcan.

(5) *La philosophie dans ses rapports avec les sciences et la religion*. Par J. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire. Paris: Alcan.

(6) *Une colonie féodale en Amérique*. Par Rameau de Saint-Père. 2 tomes. Paris: Plon.

Mrs. Davenport here met M. Carnot, the son of the great Minister, and through him were introduced to Sergeant, then in his ninety-sixth year, and living at Nice. The old engraver and ex-deputy was disposed to be garrulous; though it is pretty obvious, from the recollections of his revolutionary career dictated to Mrs. Davenport (now the dowager Lady Hatherton), that his characteristic caution and shrewdness had not deserted him in his old age. The materials of the present volume comprise also a previous memoir written in 1801, certain contributions to the *Revue Rétrospective* in 1830, and notes on Brissot's *Mémoires* and other books of the kind. The compilation is by no means satisfactory. The attempt to connect Sergeant's "disjointed notes" by a narrative of the French Revolution which is a bald summary of history can only be of service to the general reader whose knowledge of the subject is imperfect. Sergeant's recollections are interesting rather than important. Naturally enough, he was peculiarly sensitive to certain charges brought against him after the old order of things had given place to new. His defence is much more satisfactory when dealing with the "agate" incident than in the matter of the September massacres. He always strenuously denied any share or responsibility in the latter. Yet his explanation is full of contradictions. He was one of the four Police administrators at the time, and he controlled the arms, ammunition, provisioning, &c., of the National Guard. He confesses in one place that he could post the National Guard wherever he pleased. Yet he does not explain why they did not interfere, or why he should go into the country at this crisis. That he did not sign Marat's circular may be perfectly true. But he knew that Marat had authority for putting his name to it, and was therefore responsible for the fresh massacres it occasioned at Versailles. Of one other mysterious matter, the theft and recovery of the crown diamonds, he gives a very curious and circumstantial account. Other curious points to be noted are his dislike of Mme. Roland, his repeated declaration that Robespierre was no friend to him, and his evidently genuine belief in every kind of Royalist plot, the influence of English gold, and the power of Pitt. His portrait in the present volume, from a sketch made in 1847, is decidedly prepossessing. Of his artistic skill we have also specimens in the portrait of his brother-in-law, the heroic, much-sung General Marceau, and in the frontispiece, an aquatint of the period, which depicts his wife, the dauntless "Emira," visiting Sergeant in retirement, after his flight from Paris in 1795.

The Rambler Papers, by Jeffrey C. Jeffrey (Allen & Co.), is a book that scarcely responds to its title. It is a brisk and bright story of military life, the hero of which is the unpopular man of his regiment, the heroine a charming and self-willed girl, and the remaining characters are sketched with a good deal of truth and point. There is, indeed, an essay on peculiar people interpolated, wherein the shades of Shelley and Byron and Dr. Johnson form an astonishing trio; but this was much better banished from the book. The parodies in verse of these poets are of the most harrowing kind.

The larger portion of Professor F. W. Newman's *Anglo-Saxon Abolition of Negro Slavery* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) is a reprint of essays from *Fraser* and a lecture on President Lincoln's policy, published in 1863 by the Emancipation Society. The book carries us back to those far-off days when Mr. Gladstone's assurance of the independence of the Southern States was so eloquently and firmly pronounced. Professor Newman's views on the subject of abolition are familiar to everybody. Those who would know how speedily he out-garrisoned Garrison, and fell in with Wendell Phillips, and what he had to say of Lincoln's "shallow expediency," may now profitably revive their failing recollection.

Lovers of good literature, and cheap, may be commended to the "Minerva Library" edition of *The Bible in Spain*, edited by Mr. G. T. Bettany (Ward, Lock, & Co.) This is an excellent reprint, with neat binding, good type, and fair woodcuts. Of Mr. Walter Scott's series of translations of Count Tolstoi we have a fresh instalment, *The Physiology of War*, by Huntington Smith, from a French version. To the "Camelot Series" Mr. Charles Sayle contributes a Selection of *Lord Chesterfield's Letters* (Walter Scott), showing discrimination in the choice and an unnecessary assumption of "the superior person" in the final judgment of the high-toned "prefatory note." We cannot praise Mr. Ernest Radford for giving excerpts from *Gebir* in his selected *Poems of Walter Savage Landor*, "Canterbury Poets" (Walter Scott). *Gebir* is a fine poem, and ought not to be snipped thus.

All who long for smokeless air in cities should read Mr. B. H. Thwaite's lecture, *Gaseous Fuel* (Whittaker & Co.), a little book, illustrated by diagrams, on the chemistry of gaseous fuel and the application of natural gas, including water gas, to purposes of lighting and manufactures.

The Rev. J. H. L. Zillmann, a clergyman of the Church of England, and "one of the oldest free white born natives of Queensland," has much that is interesting to recall concerning early missionary efforts among the aborigines of Australia in *Past and Present Australian Life* (Sampson Low & Co.) Mr. Zillmann's opinion of the natives—we should say the black natives—whom he knew in their primitive state before the spread of colonization, is more favourable than that of most writers. Of their imminent extinction in Victoria he seems totally convinced. In fact, he anticipates their complete extermination throughout the continent in another fifty years.

We have received two recent additions to the useful and handy "Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature"

(Griffith, Farran, & Co.); the *First Apology of Justin Martyr*, translated by William Reeves (1717), and *The Ecclesiastical History of the Second and Third Centuries*, illustrated from Tertullian.

We have also received Dr. Douglas Lithgow's *Heredity: a Study with Special Reference to Disease* (Baillière, Tindall, & Cox); *History of Hindu Civilization*, by Ramachandra Gosha (Calcutta: Ram & Friend); and Dr. Reinhart Hoerning's *Descriptions and Collation of Six Karate Manuscripts*, with autotype reproductions (Williams & Norgate), the MSS. now in the British Museum, formerly in the Shapira collection.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to the MANAGER of the ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, at the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d. or \$7 39, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, Mr. WILLIAM BOYCE, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW Bill of Contents will be forwarded every Friday Evening by post, prepaid, to any Newsagent in Town or Country on application to the Publisher.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,759, JULY 13, 1889:

Delagoa Bay and Arbitration.
Ireland. More New Style. Egypt.
Dogs, Cats, and Muzzles. The Elections and the Government.
Gentlemen and Players. Mr. Gladstone's Statesmanship.
The Salvation Army Nuisance. The Bull Fight in France.
Dr. Allbutt's Case. The Persecuted Thompson.
The Business of the House. The French Army Bill.
The Royal Grants Committee.
Theatrical Children.
The Natural History of Heraldry.
"When Mrs. Boffin is not Present."
Verdi's "Otello." Two Insurance Cases.
The Paris Exhibition.
Notes from the Zoo—the Cocos-nut Crab. The late Franz Thimm.
The Opera. "Lena"
The Bull-Bull's Farewell.

Life and Literary Remains of Edward Fitz Gerald.
Novels. French and English.
Bugge's Northern Mythology. Novels.
Henry VII. Fans and Fan Leaves.
Pig-Sticking, Missionary Enterprise, and the South Pacific.
Robbery under Arms. English Presbyterianism.
Dictionary of Music and Musicians.
Parrots. L'Esposizione Italiana.
Natural Religion. French Literature.
New Books and Reprints.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.G.